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Moving Picture Stories

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol XI.
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BETTY LEE
(GENERAL FILM)

"THE WHITE MAN'S LAW," a Lasky-Paramount Story—NEXT WEEK

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. XI. MAY 31, 1918. No. 283

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THE ORDEAL OF ROSETTA

(Select Film)

STORY BY EDMUND GOULDING *SCENARIO BY PAUL WEST*

DIRECTION BY EMILE CHAUTARD

By DANA RIVERS

THE PLAYERS:

Lola Gelardi, *Rosetta Gelardi*.....*Alice Brady*
Ruth Hapgood.....*Ormi Hawley*
Professor Gelardi.....*Henry Leone*
Aubrey Hapgood.....*Crauford Kent*

"YOU are Sicilian?" Aubrey Hapgood asked the question abruptly almost as soon as Rosetta appeared before him, very dark, very restrained, very lively.

"How did you know? My name might be just Italian."

"I know Sicily, its fire, its vendetta, all of its restraint, which is mere waiting. It loves and it hates extremely."

"Yes, I am Sicilian, or I was. I was born there; my mother died there, and my sister lived there, too, we believe. My father, he hopes, and keeps on hoping; but it is the sad hope of old age. He hopes because he must—because there is not much else for him. I do not hope too much."

Aubrey Hapgood felt within him the strange, hitherto unprecedented desire to know the why and wherefore of this girl. What land fanned by what breezes, what tempered hopes, what pale despairs, what flaunting dreams had brought her to the threshold of his home to be his amanuensis. Generally they had been rather old, these applicants for the secretarial position, or very masculine and consciously "bright" and very assertive. Here, Aubrey felt, was a woman—a woman of the warm countries with a true brain, but a malleable brain—a brain like soft, quivering flame. Inspirational because it would be essentially the brain of a woman—emotional but true.

Aubrey Hapgood wrote books. The

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books were enormously "best-sellers"; they were very best-sellers, and they sold for substantial gold the white they brought romance and potentiality into lives where these things were not. There was a philosophy in the books, too, a rather real, rather sane, rather beautiful philosophy; but no one understod it, nor cared very much about it, so it did not mar the books.

Part of the philosophy was that some day some one might care, might fervently care, not merely for the books, not merely for the royalties, but for the man behind the books—the sort of a man he must be so to write, so to feel. Aubrey had earned the right to dream, which is the dearest right which money can buy when all accounts are audited.

So he motioned the beautiful Sicilian to a comfy, chintzy chair commanding a wide sweep of the Sound and a curving, white Long Island road, and asked gently:

"Your sister—why do you doubt her death?"

Rosetta raised her diamond-black eyes, and they were diamond-bright with tears which did not fall.

It is no place for youth when the youth is bright. The fires burn too brightly, then burn too briefly. There in that America there is fire, too, and youth and happiness, and much, much more money for us all. There is a better chance there for you, Rosetta, and for Lola, your sister. I feel that we must go.'

"We desired to come, Lola and I. Lola was my twin sister. There is no tie so close, so mysterious. We complimented each other, we slept in the same bed, shared the same thoughts."

She seemed to dream, and Aubrey intercepted softly, half-knowingly:

"There is one other tie as near and as dear—the mating tie."

Rosetta smiled with her coral mouth and her wonder eyes, and nodded her blue-black head.

"Perhaps," she assented in a voice which seemed to have imbibed the hot sun of her birthplace, "I cannot know of that. It is a mystery, purple, and hidden from me.

"But I was telling you—you are so kind to want to know of us. We were all ready to come; the little cot-

Ruth thought she was seeing life

Her pale face flamed.

"My father conceived the idea that America was the bright land in which to end his years," she said almost chantingly in her careful, evidently recent English. "He had no ties in Sicily save my mother's grave, and that is being tended. Sicily maddened him. 'It is no place for age,' he said, 'after the fires are banked.

tage where Lola and I were born was sold. We had said farewell to the old friends, the vineyards, the orchards; we were to spend the night with friends and sail on the morrow. I remember so well that Lola felt sad. 'Somehow,' she said to me, 'I had rather stay. I feel that I belong to Sicily.' Lola was different from me in a way. She had more love of living, more love to laugh and play; she liked admiration and men to say she was beautiful. She did not so greatly mind hurting lovers. She said they should bleed for love—love was that red blood and white roses. Lola was cruel in love; she was more Sicilian.

"We woke early in the morning. She sun was shining, and all at once the earth upheaved. Everything was black; there was death and wailing and loud cries and calls for help. And then things were clear again and only sobs were heard and prayers of 'Mary, Mother!' Lola was gone. She was not among the débris. We thought she must have fled and would return; but I felt that she was gone deep into the bowels of the earth. I wanted to remain, but my poor old father, half-crazed, half-unconscious, he fled like a little child."

The girl shuddered convulsively and Aubrey took a half-step toward her. She raised her hand. It was a beautiful hand Aubrey saw with something like a quiver of appreciation—long, tapered and strangely strong.

"We sailed," the girl resumed, "and then there is not so very much to tell—boarding-places and seeking for work, and the odd way you American men have of staring, and finally a situation.

"But the money—the American money—did not go so far as my father had dreamed. Times are hard. The war caused it. My father could not work as he had thought. The loss of Lola had been too much for him. It wrecked his body and harmed his mind. It all came upon me; and he had to have doctors and medicines and strong, good food. My little money as a stenographer did not go far.

"One day I had a copy to make of the manuscript of 'Frivolities of 1918.' When I had finished I delivered it to the office myself. Then I—I was—I lost my position. For a time there was little to eat, and we worried. Then came your ad, and here I am. You have been so kind; there has been no one to care before."

Rosetta did not know it—it did not even vaguely occur to her—but she

had been Aubrey Hapgood's secretary from the instant of her entrance into his gobeline-blue study.

She found the work fascinating. The MSS. she copied for him seemed to her to be more often than not mere echoes of things she had thought and dreamed herself, but had never visualized in words. After a while she caught herself thinking only of the men who could dream so beautifully. The words she copied were spoken by Aubrey's lips, the dreams two lovers dreamed were dreamed by Aubrey and herself. And at this juncture the hot blood would rush over her in a flaming, miraculous tide. He had spoken of a tie closer than one's twin sister, more mysterious, dearer, he had said.

There is no snakeless Eden, there is no earthly paradise all uninvaded. The Long Island estate of Aubrey Hapgood was probably invaded by numerous little vipers; but if it was, Rosetta did not know it. She did know that there was one very large viper, and very poisonous to herself. This was in the svelte person of Mildred Sanders, whose sole mission in life seemed to be the wearing of intriguing costumes for the delighting of Aubrey Hapgood, and the rolling of jet-fringed eyes for his greater joy. She was aided and abetted in her palpable design by Aubrey's mother, who evidently considered that a Sanders was the one thing necessary to the further perfection of her gifted son—gifted but somewhat improvident and a bit, just a bit, of a dreamer. Rosetta did not know, of course, the incidental fact that the Sanderses were almost disgustingly wealthy. No one knew just how wealthy, not even the Sanderes.

Aubrey seemed impervious to her wiles. As a matter of fact, he had been the victim of the same wiles under many and various suns—the geishas of Japan, the sing-song girls of China, the golden maids of India, the daughters of the Nile, the militants of England—they varied not more than a whit, and Mildred Sanders was of the sisterhood.

But of course Rosetta, after the manner of women who inordinately love, did not see this. She saw Mildred and thought her to be perfection. Mildred saw her, and thought her to be danger of a most insidious sort.

One sparkling, sunny morn, therefore, the serpent struck. Rosetta emerged from the breakfast-room preparatory to her morning's work with Aubrey to confront Aubrey's mother indignantly shaking an illustrated picture paper in her direction

Ruth was wearing daring gowns, and drinking daring drinks.

"The poster-artist drew a picture of my head."

and Mildred Sanders standing venomously by.

"Rosetta," acidly accused Mrs. Hapgood, "perhaps you will be so kind as to explain to us the meaning of this—ah—disgusting reproduction of your—ah—person."

Rosetta took the paper with a hand that trembled. She gazed upon her sweet, wistful face atop a flaunting figure in tights, vulgarity screaming from every gross line. Her pale face flamed with mortification at what she saw.

"Well?"

"How—how—common!" The last from Mildred, who looked personally insulted.

Rosetta cast the paper from her. "It is a picture of my sister!" she declared passionately. "I never saw it before. Of course, I wouldn't pose for such a thing. I should think you would know that, Mrs. Hapgood, knowing me—I——"

And the girl fled the room, leaving the echo of a dry sob behind her.

At Aubrey's solicitation she pleaded headache and begged to be excused "just for to-day."

The next morning, upon her appearance at breakfast, she looked so wan that Aubrey insisted upon a ride in the early morning before the rush of the day.

"If you won't, I shall make you," he said, and Rosetta knew in her heart that he could make her do anything, everything.

"I want to tell you," burst forth Rosetta as the car left the Hapgood estate and sped out over the shell road into the cool of the woods, "the whole truth about that horrible yesterday. I've had to fight all night to win through to the truth. I did pose for the head of that thing—just the head. The day I took the manuscript of the 'Frivolities' to the office the poster-artist drew a picture of my head, and he paid me for it. That was all I knew about it until right afterward, when I saw the whole thing. That's how I happened to leave my last situation. The girls made mock of me terribly. I couldn't stand the things they said. They were worse than the poster. I had to leave. Now it has come up again. I don't know why an innocent deed should turn black and follow. I—oh, I am tired of it all."

Then began an existence as strange and fantastic as any lurid best-seller ever penned. A series of feuds and vendettas bred straight of Sicily. A phantasmagoria which seemed to Rosetta to be happening outside her own volition. She seemed to be acceding to strange events because her will was paralyzed.

The first event was Aubrey establishing her in a luxurious apartment, such as she had dreamed over in *Mansions* and other publications. He told her it was a nest he had built for her.

"Here," he said, "you will be safe. There will be no one to say crude things to you, no one to say anything save me, and the things I will say will be love things—the warmest love things ever spoken."

"But—but the priest, darling? The priest to make all this heavenliness right! It can never be right without the sanction of the church."

Aubrey seemed restive, a bit out of patience with her—he who had, more by attitude than word or look, hitherto empedestaled her.

"All that will come, Rosetta," he said. "We must be cautious. Go easy. Take things as they come."

But in between the miracles of his love things did not seem to go right with Rosetta. She felt that never again could she face her aged father. Never should she revisit Sicily, place roses on her mother's grave, never chum with Lola, should the dead return. In the curious paralysis of her clear reasoning she could not answer all this; but she felt it to be so.

Then came the announcement of Aubrey's engagement to Mildred Sanders. The serpent had conquered, even as it had conquered in Eden.

There is only one thing for a Sicilian whose love has been betrayed—death! Because she was a woman, with much tenderness to render holy her passion, Rosetta willed that the death should come to herself. She wrote a brief note to her father, and shot herself through the breast.

The old professor received the tragic death-note on the same day that he received one from Lola, saying that she had survived the earthquake and was rejoining her family. But the two notes were too much for the old man, and when Lola came she found him cold in death, with her sister's message in one hand and her own in the other.

Lola was even as her sister had said—cruel in love. She believed it to be great enough to pay an ultimate price, and her year of wandering had crystallized her subtlety and cruelty. She planned vendetta.

It took maneuvering, but she succeeded in meeting Aubrey's cherished sister Ruth. Ruth had her brother's name, but little else, or so she seemed to Lola. She was credulous, trustful, sweet of mind and heart; she was a fair and fallow field for the tares of wild living, the warm urge of wine and the song thereof and the love which is the shameless child of both.

A little flattery, from which she had been overmuch protected, a little coaxing and a great deal of fascination, which Lola knew well how to exert, and Ruth was wearing daring gowns and drinking daring drinks and meeting daring people, with little but two lusts within their hearts—the lust of murder and the blacker lust of love.

Ruth thought she was "seeing life." She was sublimely unaware that the end of her vision would be the sight of death. She thought that the romantic Sicilian nobleman who made such intense love to her was enamored of her, that he had stepped from the very pages of fairyland grown up. She thought that Lola was the best and most affectionate friend she had ever had. She ceased to think when Lola's strong arm drove a stiletto into her trustful heart, while the name "Rosetta!" hissed itself into her ears as the Stygian waters arose to engulf her.

The horror in the Hapgood family may be imagined. Aubrey came out of his seclusion and vowed an American vendetta, which should not be done by proxy but by the death of Lola herself.

And the mixed horrors resulted in Aubrey tracing Lola by her poster picture, firing at her, and——

"Where am I? Oh, where am I?"

Rosetta arose to a sitting position and stared about her with eyes that seemed to distend from her white face. She stared into a leafy wood, up into the hood of Aubrey Hapgood's Mercer car, into the tender face of Aubrey himself.

"I," she gasped, and clutched at his sleeve; "oh," she burst forth hysterically, "did you not marry me and did Lola come back and murder Ruth and did you murder Lola, and is father dead? Tell me."

Aubrey put a firm hand on her quivering shoulder and stroked back her jetty curls with his other.

"Little girl," he said soothingly, convincingly, "you have been dreaming, having a thorough old-fashioned nightmare. None of these things are true—not any of them, dear. Just a dream, love, a nasty, naughty dream to terrify a lovely maid from Sicily into——" He paused and smiled into her eyes.

"Into what?"

"The only true thing in all the world, my heart, that little church hidden in the woods and you and I and love."

FOUR POPULAR STARS HONORED

THE greatest tribute ever paid the moving picture industry happened when Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department selected Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Charlie Chaplin to tour the country in the interest of the Third Liberty Loan.

Secretary McAdoo in his letter to "The Big Four" explained that in these times of war no other four people had as much accumulated influence with the American public.

Smashing all studio schedules to smithereens, these four film favorites ordered new traveling bags and then placed their services in the hands of the Government to help put the Third Liberty Loan over the top. It was with great willingness that they consented to the Government request. Their attitude was: "To serve the country in any way at such a time is our greatest pleasure."

THE WINNING OF BEATRICE

(Metro Film)

SCENARIO BY JUNE MATHIS AND KATHERINE KAVENAUGH *DIRECTED BY HARRY FRANKLIN*

FEATURING MAY ALLISON

By MONTANYE PERRY

"GEE, but she's a peacherino!" It was not an elegant expression, but it stated exactly what was in the heart of Robert Howard. A moment later he joined the crowd about the candy booth at the Red Cross fair and was buying more of the luscious mixture than his salary as an advertising solicitor really justified.

The girl who presided at the booth really was a beauty. None of your pink-and-white prettiness, but real beauty, Howard told himself, sizing her up with impartial vision. His judgment seemed to accord with that of a good many other young men—and older men, too, for that matter. The candy was disappearing with great rapidity, and the money-box was filling up with a speed which brought a flush of pleasure to the cheeks of the girl. Howard, having consumed all he could, hit on the idea of buying a box for mother. That brought a smile from the fair one. He took a box for little sister and received another smile. Then he thought of Aunt Mary. Poor old auntie! He really ought to buy some candy for her. He fished out a dollar bill, regardless of the fact that it was his last one; but the fair one shook her head laughingly.

"This is just like a bargain sale at Downey's," she said firmly. "Positively not more than three to any one customer. You have had your three."

"But—but—then what kind of excuse can I have for hanging around here?" he ventured audaciously.

"None," she declared. "You must move away and make room for other customers."

He looked his despair. Then, as the corners of her mouth curled into a smile in spite of her efforts, he brightened. "I know," he exclaimed. "I'll go out and drum up trade. Not that you need it, but after all it pays to advertise, you know."

In ten minutes more he was making a circuit of the room, proudly bearing aloft a board on which was printed:

TRY HONEY BEE CANDY
The Best Ever

There's one thing about a circle—it never fails to bring you around to the starting-point again. Howard figured on this uncontestable axiom and his face grew perceptibly brighter as his circuit led him up to the booth once more; but after one look he dropped back, wearing the expression of a defeated candidate on the morning after election.

"Who's that fresh guy?" he growled into the ear of one of his friends who happened to be standing near.

"Meaning, I suppose, the young gentleman who is monopolizing the attention of the candy girl? I wondered if your wings were not getting singed at the flame of the fair Beatrice. Keep away, old man. That girl is Beatrice Buckley, known as Bee to her intimates, and the handsome youth is John Maddox, Jr. Maddox, Sr., and old Buckley are partners, as you undoubtedly know, and it's a foregone conclusion that the younger generation keep the firm's money together."

"You mean they're engaged?" snapped Howard.

"Well, the young lady wears no ring yet; but unless Dame Rumor is greatly mistaken it will not be long until she does."

"I see." Howard walked away depressed but not wholly discouraged. "She isn't engaged," he exulted, and told himself in another minute that he ought to have more sense than to fall in love with the only daughter of James Buckley. "My whole month's salary wouldn't keep her in shoes," he thought dismally.

It was not long until the fair Beatrice decided to go home. All the candy was sold, so why linger? She left her faithful chum, Millie Nelson, to gather up the odds and ends at the booth, and went off on the arm of Maddox. Howard, sulking in a corner, decided to go and help Millie. Millie was not a beauty. Somehow a beautiful girl usually has a plain-looking chum. Let the psychologists agonize over the reason for this fact—we merely make the statement. But Millie was enthusiastic and loyal, and she talked fluently on the subject nearest Howard's heart.

"Oh, yes; Bee is the sweetest girl in the world," she said. "Just as clever and good as she is beautiful, and that's going some, as the boys say. No-o; not really engaged to John Maddox, but we are all expecting the announcement. You see, she doesn't like the idea of marrying and leaving her father. She simply adores her father, and he is a wonderful man—so fine and honorable and so devoted to Bee. They just live an ideal life there alone. Bee's mother died years ago, and——"

"Phone call for Miss Beatrice Buckley," piped a small boy, interrupting the conversation.

"I'd better see what it is," said Millie, "since Bee has gone. Probably her father."

She was back in a moment with a face so white that Howard cried out in dismay, "Has anything happened?"

"A terrible thing!" she whispered. "James Buckley has either been murdered, or committed suicide."

He stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, it is true. An officer called from the house. Bee had not reached there yet. What will she do when she finds her father dead? It seems like some awful dream! I must go to her."

"I'll walk there with you," Howard volunteered. "Maybe there will be something I can do. There'll be er-

rands, and—and other things," he finished vaguely.

But there was little he could do in that house of grief; and feeling himself an intruder on a scene of such sorrow, he went away. But in the brief moment that he saw Beatrice he had time to note one thing—her left hand now wore a flashing diamond.

"Maddox proposed on the way home and she accepted him," he told himself as he walked disconsolately down the avenue. "Well, it is good she isn't left alone in the world. Just the same, I don't like that fellow's face. I'm surprised that old Buckley would stand for the chap. And whatever caused the old man's death? Why should anybody murder him? And again, why in the name of all that's reasonable should he kill himself?"

He shook his head over his patient's general condition.

The morning papers answered the question. The firm of Buckley & Maddox was one hundred thousand dollars short! What Buckley had used the money for was a mystery; but it was gone. Buckley's own fortune was gone, and Beatrice inherited nothing but sorrow and disgrace.

For three days Howard fought off the impulse to go to see the stricken girl. He told himself that he was a stranger, that a call from him would be an impertinence, that she had plenty of friends and a fiancé; yet something kept telling him to go, and at last he yielded and went.

She came down-stairs with the faithful Millie and gave him her hand with a sad little smile.

"It was good of you to come," she said, and even as his eyes took in her black gown and the sadness of her expression they discovered another fact, which made his heart leap. She no longer wore the diamond! Then it must be the engagement was off. He was so filled with the significance of the missing ring it was hard for him to be rational.

"If there is anything I can do for you, I am quite at your service," he suggested.

She eyed him thoughtfully. "You are a business man," she said. "I wonder if you could suggest anything? You see, Mr. Howard, I must earn my living somehow, and there seems to be nothing I know that is useful."

"You really have no specialty, Bee," sighed Millie. "If you could teach music or dancing or——"

"I don't know how to do anything, or make anything," interrupted Beatrice.

"You can make candy," laughed Millie.

"By Jove, you've said something!" cried Howard. "That's the thing—make candy for the market—Honey Bee Candy. The best ever. It's a cinch. The name alone would surely sell it."

The more they talked the more possible it seemed. When he left the girls, Beatrice had a bright glow on her cheeks and the light of hope was in her eyes.

"I'll bring you a dozen orders before to-morrow night," he promised, and he kept his word. Not for nothing had he worked in the hard school of advertising. In less than a week every person in town knew that James Buckley's daughter had turned candy-maker.

In a way there was nothing strange about it, people thought. The firm of Buckley & Maddox had been candy manufacturers. It was natural that the girl should follow in her father's footsteps in a small way, of course.

The girl never mentioned her former lover. It was Millie who told Howard that young Maddox had broken the engagement himself when he learned that the girl was penniless and disgraced by her father's death.

"And Bee doesn't believe for one moment that her father took the money, nor that he killed himself," Millie finished.

"I wish you'd tell her that I agree with her," said Howard thoughtfully. "Don't I wish I could bring the truth to light for her! That would be a real service, now wouldn't it?"

He kept the matter in mind during the months that followed. Under his skilful management the business grew to such proportions that they rented a small factory, outgrew it, and soon moved into another one. Beatrice developed an amazing fitness for big business, Millie was the painstaking type who attends to detail faithfully, and Howard's publicity methods would have brought trade to a far less

worthy place. The three partners were jubilant over their success.

Howard's love for Beatrice grew greater every day; but he never showed it, except as eyes and voice were telltales. He felt that it would be wrong to ask a girl to marry him when her business was dependent on his efforts. When the factory was safely on its feet, when there was not the slightest doubt that she could get along without him in business, he would ask her to marry him.

"But by that time she may be so wedded to business she won't want to marry anybody," cautioned Millie, who was all for Howard.

"Nonsense! She's not that type. She wants a home," was his answer, and he was quite right. The girl was one of those who are made for a home, for fireside evenings, cozy little dinners, children's soft arms clinging about her neck.

And then out of a clear sky came the strike. It seemed impossible even after it happened that their workmen, who were so well treated, who respected Howard and adored "Miss Bee," should suddenly demand a wage beyond all reason.

"I believe those two men we took on yesterday have stirred this up," Howard told Beatrice. "Don't you worry. I'll find a way to fix it up."

She trusted him and sat quietly in her office, waiting for him to do the promised fixing it up. As he thought it over there was a tap on the door and a young man came in rather timidly. Howard recognized him as an employee of the Maddox factory, and looked surprised. The visitor went straight to the point.

"Mr. Howard, I've come to tell you something. I can't keep it back. James Buckley was a good, decent man to his help. We all loved him, and Miss Bee was good to my little girl when my wife died. I can't stand it to see her treated badly by one as ought to be her best friend. Mr. Howard, sir, Maddox is at the bottom of this strike. He sent those two men to work here to stir up trouble. They're professional agitators. Go out and tell your men that, and they'll believe you. Your men are loyal at heart."

"Thank you, Jenkins, you know you can work here now."

In the yard, where the men were assembled, Howard made a little speech, while Jenkins stood by, ready to confirm his words. The men, with the characteristic impulsiveness of every mob, swayed to the side of Howard as against the wealthy and autocratic Maddox, whom every workman knew by reputation.

"We're for Miss Bee! Hooray for Miss Bee! We won't see her hurt by anybody!" were the cries filling the air, when suddenly from somewhere a brick sailed through the air and struck Jenkins on the forehead. The disappointed agitators had at least made one shot tell.

Howard left it to the workmen to take care of the brick-thrower, while he helped Jenkins into the office. A doctor came at once and treated what seemed only a slight cut; but he shook his head over his patient's general condition and ordered him off to a sanitarium. "Bad heart," he said, "and jumpy nerves. He seems like a man with something on his mind."

The Honey Bee factory, running smoothly again, paid all the expenses of Jenkins' long illness that his mind might be at rest. But he grew steadily worse.

"He doesn't want to live. There's something on his mind," declared the doctor. "Since Miss Bee promised to adopt his little girl he seems positively anxious to die. It isn't natural in such a young man."

Swiftly now Jenkins failed, and there came a night when he asked to see Bee and Howard. "And have them bring a lawyer," he whispered feebly.

They came, puzzled and wondering, never suspecting that the dying man's secret could affect them in any way; and there, with his life slipping out as the gray dawn came creeping in, Jenkins made his astounding confession. He had murdered Bee's father!

"Not that I meant to," he explained carefully. "Old Maddox hired me to go there and get a paper from your father's safe. It was a promissory note that Maddox had signed. I don't just understand business, but I know that paper proved that it was Maddox and not your father that had taken the money."

"Then father was honest all the time!" cried Bee.

The hour of retribution came to John Maddox in his own office.

"You bet he was, and that old Maddox has just let him bear the blame, because dead men tell no tales, and of course I was in Maddox's power. I never meant to hurt your father; but he caught me and had his revolver close to me. I got desperate and we struggled. God, how it has haunted me all these months!"

He sank into unconsciousness and never rallied. As they rode away from the sanitarium, Howard drew Bee close to his side. It was very early in the morning and no one was about. The driver of the car kept his eyes straight ahead, as every good chauffeur does. Only the birds singing their song of greeting to the day saw the man bend his head, saw the girl lift her face, saw the kiss that sealed their faith without the need of broken words.

"Do you want to keep the factory?" he asked after a time. "Maddox offers a big price for it, you know."

"Let's let him have it," she said. "I'm done with business, and you're for bigger things than that business now. But after he has signed the papers I want the pleasure myself of showing him this confession."

She kept her word. The hour of retribution came to John Maddox in his own office, with the finger of his old partner's daughter pointing him out inflexibly as a man guilty in mind and soul. John, Jr., stood behind his father and the eyes of both of them, father and son, were full of despair. Dazedly the older man realized that he had lost fortune, honor, reputation. And the younger man had lost, besides all these, the priceless gift of love.

But to Beatrice and Howard, going happily homeward, the world was all made new. Struggle and heartache and humiliation lay behind the girl, but there stretched ahead a path of happiness and peace, illumined with the light of love.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT

(Pathe Film)

STORY BY CHARLES DAVEY *DIRECTED BY FRED WRIGHT*

By GRACE OPPEN

THE PLAYERS:

Jeanne Darcy.....*Irene Castle* *Boris Norjunov*.....*Warner Oland*
Harry Nelson.....*Milton Sills* *Tony Cavallo*.....*Cesare Gravina*

THE bottom had dropped out of Harry Nelson's universe. Only a year before he had opened up his tiny office in the down-town skyscraper with high hopes, feeling sure that fame and financial success were waiting just around the corner for him. To-day, discouraged and tired out with the struggle, he was almost ready to give up the fight.

The letter which he held in his hand was one of the reasons why the future seemed blank and colorless. It was penned in a delicate, even hand, and written on stationery whose expensive look was typical of the girl who had sent it.

Harry turned it over listlessly and studied the message cynically.

"No doubt you have heard of my engagement to Rex Mainwaring, and no doubt you will think me faithless and beneath contempt; but, Harry, you know how I was brought up. I must have money, and you do not seem to be very successful in New York. You must forget me and my promise——"

Harry crushed the letter savagely in his hand and then tore it to bits, throwing them into the wastebasket.

"So much for Eleanor!" he muttered. "I was a fool for ever believing in her fair promises. I might have known that she didn't have a backbone, but I was too infatuated ever to believe that she could care more for money than for me. Well, that's one lesson learned!" And he bowed his head in dejection, feeling that life in the big city was a very lonely proposition. What was the use of keeping straight, if no one cared—not even Eleanor?

The door opened later, without a knock, as he stood there by the window, and a large, portly man stood on the threshold and looked the young fellow up and down with insolent, calm assurance.

The stranger was prosperously dressed, and his heavy-lidded eyes and hanging jowls betokened the high-liver.

"I've a little matter I wish to discuss with you, Mr. Nelson," said the newcomer. "I'm looking for a clever young man who is willing to do me a service, and I am willing and able to pay for whatever it is worth." He looked insultingly around the bare little office, and his glance rested for a moment on a dispossess notice.

Harry flushed, and dropped the telltale document into a drawer. Then, assuming all the professional dignity of which he was capable, he motioned the stranger into a seat and he himself took the desk-chair.

"For a long time I've waited for this moment when you should need me, Harry Nelson. Now——" The stranger unfolded an evil plan with calm, assured deliberation, while Harry listened with horror. All that was asked was that Harry should prepare an alibi in advance to enable his visitor to carry out certain schemes which would surely land him in the penitentiary for life should they be discovered.

For a moment temptation beckoned to Harry with seductive mien. The thing was easy to accomplish. He would never be connected with the affair, if he managed the thing cleverly, and the roll of bills which the

stranger laid on the desk as payment in advance was more than enough to cover all the expenses of the past futile year.

Harry sprang to his feet and opened the door wide.

"You get out of here, before I kick you out," he said breathlessly, "and take your rotten money with you! I'm not for sale!"

The stranger arose to his feet with insolent unconcern and pocketed the roll with deliberation.

"Oh-ho! For a beggar, we're rather finicky, aren't we? Well, all right; but perhaps some time we will change our virtuous young mind!" He drawled out the taunt with insinuating significance and then turned ponderously and left the room.

Harry slammed the door with a bang after him and then sank into a chair.

"A thousand dollars for half an hour's work—whew! So that's the way some fellows get their start; but I say, New York, you don't get me that way—not while I know it!"

He sank into a reverie, feeling utterly gloomy and cast down.

While he sat brooding the door opened noiselessly and a slight, wavering figure stole into the room.

Harry sprang to his feet with a start and found himself looking into a pair of eyes such as he had often seen in his dreams, but had never hoped to look into in real life. They were large and deep and blue, and fringed with lashes of an unbelievable length and darkness. Just at this moment they were filled with tears, and they held a hunted, frightened look. The girl's face that looked down at him was pale and delicate, with a refined and haunting beauty.

She stood for a moment pressed against the wall, palpitating visibly and trying to control herself while she scrutinized Harry's face with eyes that seemed to search his utmost soul.

"Have you a revolver?" she whispered tensely, satisfied at length with her scrutiny.

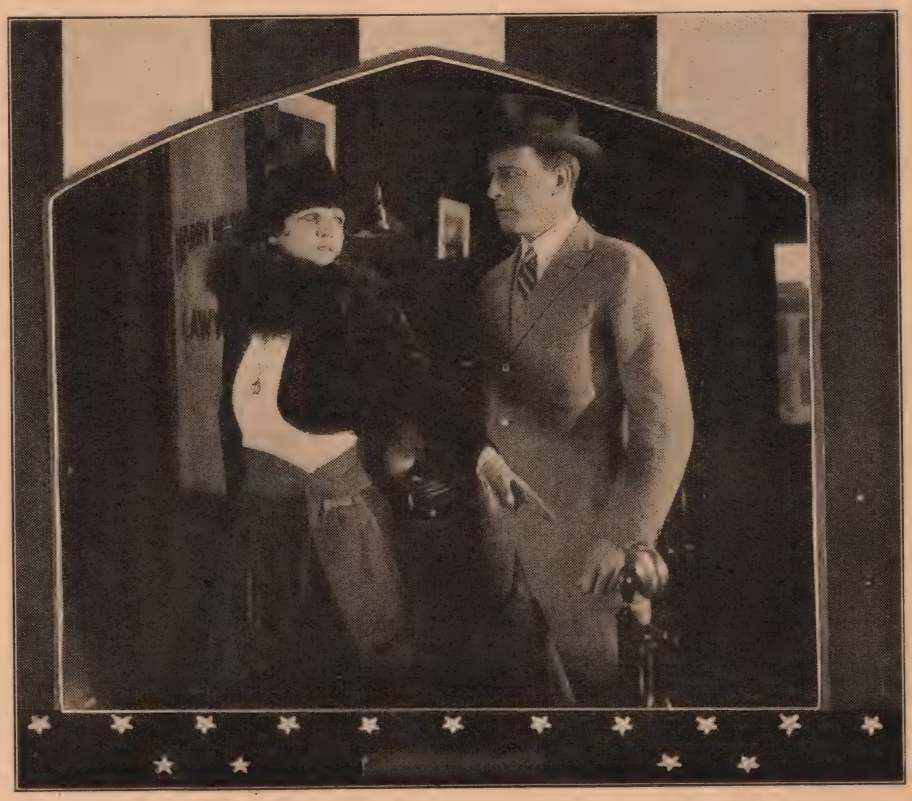
Harry, hardly knowing whether he was awake or asleep, slowly produced one from his desk.

"Good!" she breathed. "You are retained to protect me until I get this envelope into a safety vault." She held out a thick envelope to him as she spoke, and Harry took it dubiously, still gazing into the eyes which had captured his soul at their first glance.

She opened her purse hurriedly and flung several bills onto the desk. Harry looked at them. They amounted to more than a hundred dollars.

"Your preliminary payment," she said quickly. "You are not afraid, are you?"

"I'm yours to command," replied Harry, still hardly sure that he was well awake. Things did not happen like this in real life, he told himself, and yet here they were happening.



"Come with me! And whatever happens, protect me!"

'Then come with me, and, whatever happens, protect me."

The girl slipped out of the door, and Harry, grasping his hat, followed.

In a moment they were at the doorway of the office building, and the girl ran down the steps ahead of Harry.

A man who had lounged idly at the entrance suddenly came to life. He grasped the girl by the waist and tried to gag her mouth with his hand. She uttered a little shriek, and her eyes looked into Harry's for a tense moment, begging for help.

Quick as thought, Harry was upon their assailant. His years of athletic training at college stood him in good stead now, for the man was strong as well as skilful, and Harry had all he could do to parry his quick, heavy blows.

The girl sprang into a waiting taxi and called frantically to Harry to follow her. He gave his assailant one last, dogged blow that knocked him flat and then sprang into the cab after the girl.

Just as a crowd came running up the taxi sped around the corner and was soon lost in the network of traffic.

"The envelope—is it safe?" she asked breathlessly.

Harry felt in his coat-pocket, and his hand went through the garment.

His pocket had been torn out, and the envelope had gone with it.

The girl, seeing what had happened, sank back into the cushions with a little moan and hid her face in her hands. Harry noticed, dully, that her white, slender fingers were ex-

quisitely manicured and that she had torn her gloves into shreds in her excitement.

"It is all over with me and with everything," she moaned.

Harry was beside himself with grief at her announcement, and cursed himself for a clumsy, blundering fool. He had been retained to protect her and to convey the envelope to a place of safety, and he had done neither.

"Well, you'll have no further use for me. Here is the money you gave me. I can't accept it, of course; I'm sorry I failed." He uttered the words dully and signaled to the chauffeur to halt.

As he prepared to spring to the ground, the girl began to sob, and placed trembling hands on his arm.

"Please—please don't leave me yet! I've had nothing to eat all day, and I still need your protection!"

"Very well; if you can still trust me after the blunder I've made, I will take you to the little table d'hôte restaurant where I board. You will be perfectly safe there," said Harry, directing the driver to the street where he lived.

Tony Cavallo's restaurant was famous among a little group of initiates as a place where one might enjoy unequalled spaghetti and brilliant company. It was a meeting-place for writers and musicians, and the proprietor, Tony Cavallo, considered himself something of a literary light, too. When he was not superintending the work in the kitchen, he might be seen any day at the desk in the restaurant deeply engrossed in some detective story. Tony had never yet actually hounded down any famous criminal, fugitive from the law, but he felt sure in the depths of his honest heart that in him another Sherlock Holmes had been lost. He was a good restaurant-keeper, and he prided himself on the fact, but he knew that he would have made a better detective.

When Harry, accompanied by a beautiful young woman expensively gowned, entered the room, Tony at once scented a romance. His conviction that something unusual was brewing was strengthened when Harry asked to be seated in one of the private booths at the end of the room.

When the two had been seated by the waiter, Tony surreptitiously left his seat at the desk and crept into the next booth. Putting his eye to a knot-hole, he was able to see all that went on and hear their conversation. Tony slapped his thigh and waited expectantly. He was about to see romance in the making.

The girl had sunk into a chair and leaned her chin on her hands, drooping with an air of utter despondency.

"Tell me what this whole affair is about; perhaps if I understand the situation I shall be able to help you," said Harry gently, noting the length of her lashes and the transparent, blue-veined temple half-hidden by golden hair of exceeding fineness.

She looked very tired and fragile, and Harry would have liked to take her into his arms and comfort her as he would have comforted a child; but there was something in her bearing that warded off all familiarity.

The girl shook her head and gave a sigh. I have told you already there is nothing I can tell you and there is nothing more you can do, unless—unless you are brave enough to go through hell for a lonely and unprotected woman."

For a moment they looked deep into each other's eyes, each trying to read to the soul of the other.

"I would be glad of the chance," Harry found himself saying passionately.

The girl spoke again. "To begin with, no one must ever know that you have met me, especially the police."

She looked him straight in the eye as she spoke, and Harry felt the suspicions which were rising in him melt away.

"Yes—and what next?"

"Meet me to-night at this address I suspect where the envelope will be. Perhaps—perhaps we can recover it."

As one in a dream, Harry stretched out his hand for the card she tendered him and looked at the address:

MISS JEANNE DARCY
310 West 86th Street.

Then he laid the card down on the table and scrutinized the sweet face before him with renewed interest. What kind of a woman was this, who was afraid of the police and who yet asked for his protection? In his heart of hearts Harry felt that, whatever the strange circumstances were which had brought her to him, she was innocent. He could not but believe in that face and the candor of those blue eyes. Whatever she had done, he felt sure that she had at least meant to do no wrong.

Meanwhile, Tony Cavallo, bursting with suppressed curiosity, stood on the other side of the thin partition, his bright, black eye glued to the knot-hole.

"I mus' getta da card!" he told himself, and almost immediately there formed itself in his ingenious head a plan for getting it. He was sure that his old friend and patron Harry Nelson was running into danger, and he felt that it was his mission to rescue him, even while he demonstrated to the world that he himself was a natural-born genius of a detective.

It was the work of but a few moments to snatch the tray from the waiter who was bringing in Harry's order, place the tray over the card as he set it down on the table, and then, as he lifted the tray again, to lift the card with it.

Safe in the outer room, Tony copied the address given, and then, with cautious craft, he returned the card to the table. No one noticed what he had done, and the address of the adventures, as Tony felt sure that she was, was safe in Tony's breast-pocket.

Jeanne, in spite of her hunger, ate little. Finally, laying down a flower with which she had been idly toying, she arose suddenly to go.

"Good-by, Harry Nelson," she said a trifle wistfully. "May God bless your brave, foolhardy heart!"

Night came and Harry made his way to the address given.

He found that the place was a high-class apartment-house, and he was shown immediately to the apartment of Miss Darcy.

He found her in a spacious room, sitting at the piano, dressed in street clothes, evidently waiting for him.

"You're not afraid?" she asked softly, slipping into a large fur cloak and veiling her face heavily.

"No; I'm not afraid anywhere where you are," he replied steadily.

"Good! Then take this." She handed him an automatic revolver as she spoke.

They got into a waiting taxi and were whirled to the outskirts of the city, where the vehicle stopped in front of an old ramshackle mansion.

Harry did not notice that another taxi followed them at a safe distance, and that Tony's well-oiled head and sharp, black eyes were thrust at intervals from the window of it to make sure that they were not escaping from him.

They sped up the dark steps of the great old house, and Jeanne produced a key, which she inserted in the lock. Harry heard it turn, and the door swung open and admitted them into a luxuriously furnished reception-hall, quite dark except where the rays of the risen moon threw a ghastly light across a picture of Mary Magdalene hanging on the paneled wall.

Jeanne fairly ran across the room, and Harry followed her with his heart in his mouth.

She swung back the picture of Mary Magdalene and disclosed a secret panel with a knob, which she deftly turned. The place was evidently a secret safe, and Jeanne knew the combination well. The door swung on its hinges.

"Ah, here it is! I thought so!" she breathed as she took a japanned box from its niche and handed it to Harry. "The envelope is in it. We must leave now as quickly as we can get out."

They turned to go, but even as they turned the lights in the room were switched on by some invisible hand and they stood flooded with light, a fair target for any one who might be observing them.

Jeanne gave a little shriek, and pointed to the portières.

A large white hand, holding a shining revolver, projected from the curtain.

"Hands up!" shouted a deep voice from the other side, and instantly their hands went above their heads.

At the same time a tall, heavily built man, with heavy-lidded eyes and an insolent smile, emerged from the other room. Harry recognized at once his visitor of the afternoon. He glanced at Jeanne with quick distrust, but her great eyes were fixed on the new arrival with utter horror.

"Boris Norjunov!" she quavered, her face white as a sheet.

"Yes. At your service, my lady," he replied insolently. "And so this is our most virtuous young attorney! Caught red-handed, eh?" He reached for the telephone.

Jeanne intercepted him.

"Oh, no, no! Not the police, Boris! That will certainly ruin his career forever."

"Since when have you become so solicitous about the young man's career, my dear?" he asked insolently. But he turned and faced Harry.

"There's just one way to save yourself, young man. Prepare me that alibi, and you may go your way; but first you must write what I dictate, and sign it."

Harry, under duress, took the proffered pen and began to write as he was bidden:

"I, Harry Nelson, attorney-at-law, do confess that on this night, accompanied by my accomplice, Jeanne Darcy——"

He threw the pen from him and faced Boris.

"I see! It's all a frame-up to get me into your power. This woman is your accomplice. And I, like a fool, believed in her!"

He snatched the revolver from the hand of Boris and turned it upon him. Raging with anger, he took aim and fired. Another and another shot rang out, but still Boris merely stood there smiling in his superior way, apparently unmoved.

"So this is our most virtuous young attorney! Caught red-handed, eh?"

"The man is a demon," whispered Harry to himself in uncanny fear, never thinking of mail shirts.

He felt himself grasped from behind and thrown to the floor.

"The police!" cried some one back of him. There was a sound of heavy tramping on the stairs, and then Harry felt a cloth thrown over his head, which prevented him from seeing or hearing or making any outcry.

A few moments later he found himself in another room, alone with Jeanne, looking into her white, quiv-

ering features. In the next room he could hear the heavy voices of the police, the thin squeak of Tony Cavallo, and the hearty, mellow laugh of Boris, who apparently was having no difficulty in convincing the officers of the law that Tony was insane and that they had invaded the quiet of his study quite without warrant.

"Harry, I know appearances are against me; but only believe in me! Things are often other than they seem! I am in that man's power! I can't explain to you, but perhaps some day you will understand. Look at me, Harry! Do you believe in me?" Jeanne pleaded with him piteously, as though for her very life. Harry looked into her blue eyes and his suspicions evaporated like the mist before the sun. He could not look into her eyes and believe that she was anything except good, no matter how much appearances said otherwise.

"I believe you, Jeanne," he said dully. His mind told him that he was a fool, and that he should be making an outcry to attract the attention of the police. But his faith in Jeanne sealed his lips.

"Go now, Harry. Boris has me in the hollow of his hand. I shall need you again. I will send for you."

She held out her arms to him and turned her face to his.

Like one in a dream, Harry felt her lips pressing against his and he heard her voice say:

"You are true and brave and chivalrous. I knew it, Harry. I knew that I could trust you."

Then, almost before he knew it, Harry found himself out in the open air, while a little side-door creaked carefully behind him.

He went swiftly home and sat down at his accustomed table in the table d'hôte restaurant, much as though nothing had happened.

Tony, much torn as to his clothes and highly elated in spirit, came swaggering into the room, followed by a group of cronies, to whom he was evidently telling the details of his adventure, with himself playing the part of detective and hero in one.

When he saw Harry he stopped short and gasped. His friends fell into uncontrollable laughter.

"You've been hoaxing us, Tony!" they cried.

And Tony laughed with them and pretended that he had indeed but been playing a joke on them; but inwardly he determined anew, with all the fervor of his intense little soul, to get at the bottom of the mystery.

A week, a month went by, and Harry wandered about like a ghost, trying to find some trace of Jeanne and Boris. Jeanne had disappeared from her apartment. The old, ramshackle mansion appeared to be deserted, and a sign—"For Sale or To Let"—hung on its front.

Then one day, when he had almost given up all hope, a message came from Jeanne.

A French maid appeared at Tony's restaurant and demanded to see Monsieur Harry Nelson. Tony, taking good care to have the interview take place in the private booth where Harry and Jeanne had dined and where he could see and hear all that went on by use of the knot-hole, called Harry.

"Come to 17 Ivy street to-night—alone. My mistress needs you. It is in connection with the Lonsdale mystery," said the maid to Harry.

Tony pricked up his ears. The Lonsdale mystery had monopolized the headlines for two days, and everybody in the city was on the *qui vive* to discover the whereabouts of the missing Miss Lonsdale, heiress to the Lonsdale millions, who had been kidnaped from her home. No motive, whether of greed or revenge, was apparent to the detectives on the case.

That night Harry, shadowed by Tony, made his way to the disreputable little side street to which the maid had directed him, and found number seventeen. He tried the front entrance and windows, and found them locked. Then, going around by the alley, he climbed over the back fence and tried the back door, located in the basement areaway.

Just as it opened under his hand, a man sprang out from the shadows, swinging a blackjack. With a quick movement of his arm, Harry warded off the blow, seized the blackjack, and felled his assailant to the ground.

Then stealthily he made his way up the back stairs until he found himself in a shabby little room which connected two other larger rooms. From the one room low voices might be heard in converse; from the other low moans issued at irregular intervals.

Harry stooped to the key-hole of the second room and saw a young woman, whom he recognized by the pictures he had seen as Miss Lonsdale. She was seated on the edge of her bed in an attitude of great dejection, moaning pitifully from time to time.

Then Harry stooped and looked into the other key-hole. He saw Boris Norjunov and another man standing talking to Jeanne! Boris raised his voice a little, and Harry could distinctly make out his words.

"There was no money there, and no one came to the place. I told those Lonsdales I'd fix the girl if they didn't come across, and I'll keep my word. It's you, Jeanne, who must do the job."

He handed her a revolver as he spoke.

Jeanne recoiled with a little shriek.

"Oh, no! You can't mean that, Boris! You would never make me do that!"

"Why so finicky all at once, young lady? One little job more or less doesn't make much difference. You'll do as I say, or you'll go to prison for that ugly little affair at Monte Carlo last year, as sure as my name's Boris Norjunov!"

Jeanne took the revolver and entered the little room where Harry was, just as the latter dodged behind some old furniture. Then she opened the door of the room in which Miss Lonsdale was held captive, and as the other girl, startled, came toward her, Jeanne, with a little moan, sank to her feet.

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" she whispered softly.

Just then the door below was battered in by heavy blows, and a half-dozen private detectives, led by Tony Cavallo, burst into the room. At the same time Boris and his accomplice threw themselves upon Harry.

Suddenly all was confusion. Even during his struggle with Boris, Harry could see the two girls, Jeanne and Miss Lonsdale, wrestling together for the possession of the revolver. One

shot rang out, and then another and another.

Miss Lonsdale fell motionless to the floor, and lay there stark and rigid. Jeanne sank down beside her, and Boris fell back, leaving Harry free.

"Who fired that shot?" demanded the chief of the detectives.

Harry could see Jeanne's face working convulsively, and a great pity for her took possession of him. A helpless woman caught in a net! He sprang involuntarily to her assistance.

"I shot Miss Lonsdale with this revolver," he said, picking up the smoking weapon from the floor.

Jeanne gave a gasp and looked into his eyes, utter happiness shining in hers.

"Would you do that for me, Harry Nelson?" her lips whispered.

But at that moment a suppressed giggle from the figure on the floor caused them all to notice that Miss Lonsdale, far from being rigid in death, was convulsed with suppressed laughter. The laughter spread to Jeanne and Boris, who joined in it heartily. The detectives and Harry stood nonplussed.

Finally Miss Lonsdale sprang to her feet.

"I can't keep it up any longer, Jeanne dear, it's too absurd. Besides, this ketchup is spoiling a perfectly good frock."

The detectives, seeing that there was a joke somewhere, joined in the laughter. Still Harry stood as though stunned.

"What does this mean?" he finally stammered.

"It means——" said Boris, stepping forward.

"No, no, father, let me have the pleasure of explaining!" cried Jeanne. "You people all leave the room, please, so that I can tell Harry just how it happened."

In short order the two were alone, and Jeanne confronted Harry with serious eyes.

"You see, Harry," she said, "it all happened this way. I had just dismissed the fourth young man my father had recommended to me as a future husband. Father and I were on the verge of a quarrel. I told him that I didn't want to marry a name or a fortune, but that I wanted to marry a real man. Then father said that any one I picked out for myself would pretend to be a paragon of all the virtues, but that he would just marry me for my millions. Well, of course, I couldn't stand that, could I? So I told dad that I could pick out a man who didn't know anything about me or my money and who would love me for my very self. I told him that I could pick out one who would be as brave and courageous and true to me as any of those old ancestors of mine he is always talking so much about.

"So, Harry, I picked you out!

"Never mind how I first saw you. You must admit that dad tried out your qualities pretty thoroughly that afternoon in your office before he let me go into the thing seriously.

"And now, Harry Nelson, I'm going to ask you a very serious question. Will you marry Jeanne Darcy, the copper king's daughter?"

Harry looked at her shining eyes and sweet lips, and taking her into his arms, kissed her.

"I'd marry you, sweetheart, if you were the Statue of Liberty!" he replied with conviction.

THE FIREBRAND

(Fox Film)

SCENARIO BY E. LLOYD SHELDON *PRODUCED BY EDMUND LAWRENCE*

By FREDERICK R. DENTON

THE PLAYERS:

Natalya .....*Virginia Pearson* *Prince Andrei Rostoff*.....*Carleton Macy*
Julian North.....*Victor Sutherland* *Boris Rostoff, his son*.....*Herbert Evans*

"NATALYA, I see that you are again reading a book written by that American writer, Julian North. Have I not told you that his writings are of the most radical character and calculated to do the utmost harm to the class of which you are a member? In addition, it is openly and boldly charged that he is the leader of the revolutionists, and perhaps at this very moment he may be plotting against you and yours. For shame! I do believe that you are secretly in love with him despite your engagement to my son Boris. Give me that book and never let me see you reading one by the same author again."

Prince Andrei Rostoff finished his remarks by seizing the offending book which his niece, the Princess Natalya Rostoff, was reading, and angrily tossed it into the open fire-place. With her cheeks burning with indignation the princess arose.

"Your Highness!" she cried, "never have I been so insulted in my life. Do you insult me because all my people are dead and you feel that I am helpless? Ever since I accepted your offer to make my home here, I have in all things sought to please you. So far have I carried this desire that, because I deemed it my duty to do as you wish, I consented to marry your son, although I do not love him as a woman should love the man she marries. And how have you repaid my deference to your wishes? You have discouraged me. You have treated me as though I were a child incapable of having a will of my own, and now, to cap the climax, you undertake to tell me what books I shall and what books I shall not read. I tell you that I greatly admire the style in which this Julian North writes. I tell you that I coincide with many of the views he

expresses and that I frequently burn with indignation when I read of the injustices he describes as being perpetrated by our class. Many of the outrages he tells of I know of my own knowledge to be true. I shall continue to read his books no matter how often you may undertake to forbid me."

"Your own words, Natalya," replied the prince, "serve to show the necessity for the attitude I have adopted toward your reading. You, a noble, confess your sympathy with the ideas of this revolutionary American whose whole design is to overthrow the present order of things and put the common people in a position to rule. Affairs of state and of government are beyond the comprehension of women who let their impulses and sympathies run away with their judgment. For this reason I again forbid you to read the books of that American, and I warn you that every book of his that I find in this house will meet the fate of the one I have just thrown into the fire. However, I shall have little to fear in that direction, for I think that Julian North will write no more books, since he has been arrested and was sent to prison this very afternoon." With this parting shot the prince abruptly left the room.

Boris seized her by the wrist and shoulder and forcibly detained her from going.

When Natalya Rostoff had said that all her relatives were dead she was not quite correct, since she still had one relation, her brother Vassili, still living. Younger than she, he was a member of the Imperial Guards, and the very day after her quarrel with her uncle he came to bid her good-by before marching away with his regiment. After a prolonged and affectionate leave-taking Natalya followed her brother to the gates of the Rostoff palace, where they arrived just as a detachment of prisoners, loaded with chains, filed past. As Natalya and her brother stood watching the melancholy spectacle they were joined by Boris Rostoff, son of Prince Rostoff and Natalya's cousin. Boris, who seemed to regard the sad procession as a great joke and who apparently knew the name and offense of every prisoner in the line, readily pointed out Julian North to Natalya, who found the personality of the man quite as interesting as his books.

Desiring to see Julian North at closer range, the next day Natalya visited the great prison yards outside the city and slowly walked about searching for the man. Along part of the way workmen were engaged in building a high stone wall. A huge stone which was being set into place at the very top of the wall slipped from the control of the workmen and fell toward the ground. Natalya was directly in the path of the falling stone, and several men cried out to her in alarm. She glanced up and became paralyzed with fear. She stood directly beneath the rapidly descending stone. Then suddenly she was borne to earth by the weight of a man's body. When she realized what had happened she found that the man had thrown himself upon her so as to shield her from the falling stone with his own body. Fortunately, the stone swerved in its downward course, so that neither Natalya nor her rescuer were injured. When Natalya scrambled to her feet and turned to thank the man who had tried to save her, she found herself looking into the eyes of Julian North.

In a few brief, embarrassed, but very sincere words Natalya thanked North for his brave act, and then impulsively told him that she would bring about his release from prison. In response to his question as to how she expected to accomplish that marvel, she replied that she was a governess in the household of the Prince Andrei Rostoff and possessed of considerable influence with the prince, who would undoubtedly yield to her entreaties in his behalf. Just why she should practise this deception as to her true identity on North she did not know at the time. All she knew was that some blind instinct led her on to do so.

The following day Natalya, finding her uncle in rare good humor, tried to induce him to sign an order for North's release. With true womanly discretion she went about this task in a roundabout fashion. "By the way, Uncle Andrei," said Natalya, "I happened to be in the prison yard yesterday and met the American journalist, Julian North. Really, I am astonished that such clever statesmen as yourself should attach any importance to the rumor that he is connected with the revolutionists, for he impressed me as a very mild person with no harm whatsoever in his composition. Do you know I think that you but make a martyr of him and that you are apt to do more harm to the cause of the aristocrats than you would if you were to release and treat

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welcome from the revolutionists. The day after his arrival the massacre of Russian troops took place, and he went to work to find out who the traitors were. Very little investigation proved indisputably that the traitors were Prince Andrei Rostoff and his son Boris. At once the conference decided that these two men must die. North, remembering that he had the passport of a dead servant which would enable him to get at the prince and his son, insisted that he be permitted to be the one to administer death to them. The council agreed to this proposal, and North made a hasty trip back to Moscow. He arrived the next night and without difficulty found his way into the presence of the prince and his son. The next morning both traitors were found shot dead. Before any trace of the assassin could be found North doubled on his tracks.

At her hotel in Petrograd Natalya learned of the death of her uncle and cousin, and further that no person had entered the palace gates the night of their death except servants, all of whom bore passes. Then the thought occurred to her with the suddenness of a galvanic shock that she had given a pass to Julian North. Perhaps he might be the murderer of her uncle and cousin. Determined to find out whether or not this were so, Natalya went to North at his lodgings, where he received her joyfully. That night there was to be a great dinner given by the revolutionists, and North insisted that Natalya accompany him and meet "the brothers." She was glad of this opportunity to see the brotherhood at close range and accompanied him. During the dinner reference was made to the killing of Prince Rostoff and his son, and one of the diners suggested that a standing toast be drunk to the man responsible for the death of these two traitors. To her amazement Natalya saw that North remained seated when all the others had risen, and thus she knew that he had killed her kin, and that she had indirectly been responsible for their deaths. Rage filled her heart on learning this news, but she managed to control her emotions and went over to North, and, putting her arms about him, declared that by that act he had won her heart completely and that she was his forever. Then she urged that they be married at once, right there in the presence of all his friends, and that she be permitted to send a note to a priest forthwith. Smilingly North assented, and Natalya went to one side to write her note. Instead of writing a note to a priest, however, she sent a note to a royalist officer of her acquaintance who promptly appeared with a company of soldiers and placed every one present except Natalya under arrest. Then as the revolutionists stood under cover of the revolvers of the royalist soldiers Natalya turned to North and exclaimed: "I am the Princess Natalya Rostoff, only survivor of the Rostoff family, and I thank God that through my instrumentality the murderers of my kinsmen are to meet the punishment they so richly deserve. Julian North, you have played the traitor after I saved your life. I would as soon marry a leper as you. I hate you and everything connected with you, and it is my one wish to learn that you have met the death that a traitor and a coward merits." With a haughty glance at the man the Princess Natalya Rostoff swept proudly out of the room.

"Natalya, you made a promise which I insist you shall keep."

Two weeks later there was a great battle between the royalists and the revolutionists in which the revolutionists were successful. Triumphantly sweeping through the streets, they hastened to the city prisons and rescued those of their friends who were immured behind those gloomy walls. Among the first to be freed was Julian North, and he took command of a regiment of revolutionists and started for Moscow for the purpose of obtaining from the safe of the Rostoffs the documentary evidence which would prove the guilt of the Prince and his son.

Arrived at the palace, North saw Natalya standing on a balcony with a revolver in her hand ready to repel the invaders. Hoping to save her from violence at the hands of some of the more hot-headed of his followers, North advanced to plead with

her to yield. As he drew near Natalya deliberately took aim and pulled the trigger of her revolver, but, fortunately for North, a young hot-head named Leonid sprang in front of North and received the bullet in his own breast. In North's arms the brave boy died with a smile on his lips. North, in a white heat of anger, called to his followers to come after him and broke into the house. Soon the revolutionists were masters of the situation, and then North sought out Natalya, where she stood cold and proud in a little reception-room. Going up behind her, where she stood by a little table, he said: "Natalya, you made a promise which I insist you shall keep. I refer to your promise to marry me, and I am going to send for a priest and we shall be married this very hour."

Natalya glared at him with eyes which were filled with the scorn she felt for him.

"If you wish to bind yourself to a woman who hates you, you may proceed. But I warn you that it shall be the study of my life to make you miserable," she replied.

North studied his fair antagonist for a while in silence.

Without making her any reply he sent for a priest, and one responding promptly, he forced her to go through the wedding ceremony with him. When they were again alone he went over to the Rostoff safe and, finding it open, began to search for the papers he needed to prove the guilt of the prince and his son. He had just found them and was on the point of turning to confront her with them when, without warning, she drew a pistol from the folds of her gown and shot him.

North fell to the floor and lay there as one dead for some time; then he seemed to rally.

In a few minutes North raised himself on his elbow and, holding out the now blood-stained and powder-marked papers to her, exclaimed: "Natalya, here are the incontestable proofs of the guilt of your uncle and his son. Here also is a list of the batteries which have been supplied with the wrong shells. For the sake of humanity, get this information to the boys at the front. Save them from another holocaust like the last. It is the prayer of a dying man. I beg of you do not refuse to grant it."

With trembling fingers Natalya took the papers from North's hands, and the very briefest of examinations proved to her that her uncle and his son had been the very blackest of traitors and solely responsible for the death of hundreds of brave men in the last massacre due to the misfit shells. In an agony of remorse she flung herself down on the floor by the side of North, begged his forgiveness and implored him to live for her sake, for she loved him and had always loved him.

With weak, shaky fingers North gently smoothed her glorious hair and urged her not to weep, as he was in no danger of dying, for the reason that she had shot him on the side opposite to his heart.

When she realized the value of the remark her countenance lighted up immediately.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, and sprang to her feet to summon medical aid. Then she heard the tramp of the feet of royalist soldiers, for whom she had sent, in the courtyard. Looking wildly about and seeing no place of concealment for North, she called to him to close his eyes. When a moment later two royalist officers walked into the room she pointed to the inert body of North lying on the floor, and said:

"You are too late, gentlemen. The master rebel has gone to his accounting before the Supreme Judge, sent there by my hand." With a grave salute the two officers turned and left the room.

When the soldiers had gone Natalya tore one of her garments to pieces and, kneeling beside North, where he lay on the floor, bound up his wounds with loving care. She babbled to him as though he were a little child and told him of the happiness which should be theirs when he grew well, and they were safely housed in their own nest in Petrograd. And at an opportune time she got him out of there and they went away to peace and happiness.

The Producer Directs a Scrap

By Dick Willis

"WE'LL rehearse the action first.
Miss Gibbs, you make your entrance there,
And show surprise at Jack, here, who is sitting on this chair.
He shyly takes your hand, gives you these flowers, and you sit
Upon the sofa and he starts to make love—just a bit.
You egg him on, and down he flops, his knees upon the floor.
Then, Bob, you suddenly appear within the parlor door;
Show rage, accuse Miss Gibbs, who shows some terror at her plight,
And Jack and you go to it and put up a darned good fight..
That's all; now, are you ready? Start your lights, now—not too slow;
Positions—start your cranking—look around, Jack. That's it. Now *go!*
Don't drop those flowers, girlie; kiss her mitt, Jack. Now, kneel down——
You enter, Bob; just scowl at 'em. They see you; now you frown.
Don't be too gentle; seize her; you find yourself defied.
Don't chuck her through the scenery, man; just throw her to one side.
Now, Jack, you say 'Unhand her'; now you smash him in the nose.
Good Lord! man, don't just smack him; let us see you're striking blows.
Now, Bob, *you* let *him* have it. Shucks, don't mind a bit of gore.
Good! Over goes the table; fight each other—harder—*more.*
Remember you're not ladies. Ooh! a peach. Now roll around.
Wake up, Miss Gibbs; you see your boy is now the under-hound.
Reach up and get that bowl and raise it well above your head;
Now bean Bob. Good! Say, Bob, don't lay as though she'd knocked you dead——"

"A peachy scene all right, boys; what's a black eye or a bump?
And if Miss Gibbs *did* knock you stiff, 'twill 'register,' you chump!
Now all go home and doctor up. Oh, rats! Now don't feel mean;
We've got the best scrap ever filmed to throw upon the screen."

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provided for. Now let us set to work and tidy up this dirty place a bit, and in less than no time we will make it a fit place to live in."

The shack was poorly furnished, filled with dirt and dust, and about the most uninviting dwelling in the world; but when the girls had finished cleaning and rearranging it, the room stook on a cozy and homelike appearance that charmed them.

"We can add little necessities from time to time, and, before you know it, I will have our home looking quite attractive," Mary remarked when they had finished their task.

"I hope you will get along all right with Selfish Yates," said the child mistrustfully. "I do not like that man. He has such an awful stern look on his bony face, and he talks so mean——"

"Ah!" interrupted Mary smilingly, "he has an evil reputation, dear, but I doubt if he is half as ugly as he looks. We have always looked to God when we were in distress, and I am sure that my prayers shall be answered when I appeal to the Almighty to make him a good man."

Betty had implicit confidence in the wisdom of her sister. She smiled and nodded and clapped her little hands approvingly.

"Oh, wouldn't it be just wonderful if you could!" she cried.

The cook gave them their dinner, and after a night's rest Mary began her task to keep the dance-hall cleaned. She was a good Christian girl, with an abhorrence of the drinking and gambling, and the actions of the painted women who frequented the place. But she did not say anything, as she knew that any objections on her part would arouse the animosity of the man who employed her. Yates never spoke to her in the days that followed, but she frequently caught him gazing at her in a curious sort of way. He was not accustomed to decency. To him this slip of a girl was like some strange animal, for he saw how refined she was.

Early one morning she went into the dance-hall to clean it up, and, lifting the cover off an object in a corner, she saw that it was an organ. Back home, in the days of her prosperity, she had been an accomplished performer on the instrument, and had led the village choir.

The temptation to play this organ was irresistible, for she loved its sweet music with all the ardor of a natural-born musician.

Sitting down at the instrument, her fingers roved over the keys, and the impelling strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" floated out with religious fervor on the great hall, where the night before it had echoed with the ribald songs and coarse laughter of drunken revellers. Louder and louder swelled the harmonious strains of the sacred song, until the beautiful tones reverberated all through the place. She forgot where she was as she turned her clear eyes heavenward with a holy light, and wrung from the soul of the organ such immortal strains as had never before pealed from its pipes.

But in the midst of it there came a terrible interruption.

"Damn you! Stop that! You woke me out of my sleep with yer cussed playin'! D'yer take this hell hole fer a church?"

She suddenly stopped playing and sprang to her feet uttering a startled cry as her glance met the fiercely gleaming orbs of Yates.

"It is only an old hymn I used to play at home," she faltered. "I love music so much that I quite forgot my surroundings, sir. I am very sorry if I have offended you. Don't be angry. I won't do it again."

"Git out of here!" he yelled at her furiously.

She smiled pluckily into his working features. He did not scare her as he intended, and it amazed and annoyed him to hear her say softly:

"Don't speak like that! It is very rude, and would sound better if you asked me quietly to leave the place. I intended no harm, so why should you fly into a rage, and treat me as if I were a snarling beast?"

"Yates," she heard the old man say, "for God's sake, don't sell my boy no more rum."

His jaw dropped, and something like a flush of shame swept over his narrow face. He actually looked guilty, took off his sombrero, and stammered in much milder tones:

"I beg yer pardon, miss, but I've got a mean temper."

"Are you going to hold a grudge against me?" she asked frankly.

"Why, no," he hastened to assure her, unable to take his glance from her bright, sparkling eyes. "I only hope as you won't be sore on me. Play that blamed organ as much as yer like, an' if any galoot says a word, tell me, an' I'll drop him with a bullet!"

Mary had been studying this man keenly in all his surly moods. She felt convinced that beneath his rough exterior there was much latent good. It only needed bringing out. She was intensely interested in him.

"I have always been treated with respect," she remarked softly. "The men in this mining camp are a rough lot, but most of them seem to have a high regard for my decency. I am doing my duty here faithfully, for you have been good enough to give us a shelter. I'll never forget your kindness—never, never!"

Her gratitude made him gulp. He was not used to such talk.

"Better run along about yer work," he growled. "Ther place is fillin' up with a putty tough crowd. They ain't no company fer you."

"All right. Won't you come over to our little shack and see how cutely sister and I have fitted it up?"

"Kin I?" he asked eagerly.

"We would be real glad to have you see the place."

"Waal, I'll come over ter-night, kid."

With a feeling that she had made great headway in conquering this unfriendly character, Mary walked away just as an old man with a beard hurried up to him at the end of the bar.

"Yates," she heard the old man say, "fer God's sake don't sell my boy no more rum! It makes a madman of him!"

For the space of an instant Selfish Yates bent a sneering look upon the pleading face of the old man. He was upon the point of refusing, but just then he saw Mary looking at him intently. He seemed to read in her attitude that she was waiting to hear his answer, and well knowing how pure and good she was, he realized what she must have been hoping his answer would be. It seemed to weaken him, for all the anger that had bristled up within him subsided swiftly.

"All right, Tom," he answered. "I won't give him no more liquor."

The wistful, pleading look left Mary's face, and it became wreathed in a smile of deep gratitude. She nodded approvingly to Yates, and saw a pleased expression steal over his hard features.

Then she went away, and, having helped the cook in the kitchen, she carried a parcel of food over to the hut.

Betty met her at the door, and she caught the fragile little invalid up in her arms and kissed her affectionately.

"How are you feeling this morning, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Better—much better. My cough seems to be going away, Mary dear. And I am so much stronger than I used to be. The pain has nearly all left my chest where it used to hurt."

"It is this sweet mountain air!" cried Mary joyously. "It will cure you in time, only you must not exert yourself, you know, or you will get quite ill again."

The girls fussed around their little home, trying to make it look prettier for Yates' call that night, and when he arrived it was with a bashful and respectful air that was foreign to his nature.

"Got it lookin' mighty nice here," he observed, looking around.

"A girl likes to surround herself with everything nice," Mary smiled. "Men with good taste like to have women around them so that they too can enjoy the surroundings a woman likes."

"Yes," he admitted thoughtfully. "Did yer hear the news?"

"I do not know what you are alluding to."

"Tom's son while drunk tried ter rob a Mexican of his flask, an' was killed."

"Dreadful! See what liquor will do for a man," she said sadly. "I am so sorry for his poor old father. He tried too hard to make a man of the unfortunate boy. You can thank God that you did not sell him the rum that crazed him into robbing the Mexican."

"I kin thank you fer that," he smiled faintly.

"Mr. Yates, I have a little favor to ask of you."

"What is it, Miss Adams?"

"Let poor old Tom hold a funeral service in your hall, for he has no home of his own, and the moral effect on the hard crowd who gather in your place may be the means of reforming some of them."

"Somehow," he answered slowly, "I can't never refuse you anything."

"Then you consent?" she cried joyfully, and he nodded assent.

"It's ther least I kin do," he said simply, for his stony heart was fast turning under the beneficent influence of this girl.

"And will you make an address at the funeral if I play the organ and lead in the singing of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee?' she asked eagerly, and her little hands crept into his, sending a queer thrill all through his powerful frame. He looked steadily into her eyes a moment, and, although his face was twitching, he nodded again.

"I'll do it, even if ther hull gang makes fun of me," he answered.

"They will respect the dead too much to do that."

And thus it was that when the humble pine box stood on a couple of small tables at the end of the dance-hall, and all the sinners in the camp were there, every one was astonished to hear Selfish Yates preach a funeral sermon that was worthy of an ordained minister. Then he knelt beside Mary while she offered up a prayer that touched the heart of the most hardened ruffian in the place. And when they went out, Riley said:

"Yates is getting converted by that girl."

He watched Mary when she went home, and, going into the office, he wrote a note to her, saying that Yates desired to see her at ten o'clock that night. And when it was delivered, after she had her supper, Riley followed her when she left the shack.

In the meantime Yates had retired to his room like a man in a dream. He could hardly believe that he had weakened so much as to do as he had done before all the camp. It mortified him, and he began to pace the room and swear furiously, until a mental picture of Mary rose before his view. Her sweet, pleading eyes had a tender expression that day when she looked at him that made him wonder if she cared for him.

His anger subsided after a while, and he sat down and reflected.

"I'm goin' ter see her!" he muttered resolutely. "I'm goin' ter git up my courage an' ask her if she cares fer me. I want that gal!"

He put on his hat, and headed through the gloom for her shack, but when he got near his courage forsook him and he crouched against a big boulder and eagerly watched the light in her window.

"What a blasted fool I am! I'm actin' like a boy!" he muttered fiercely. "I'll face it if I bust!"

He strode to the door and knocked. Betty answered the summons.

"Oh, Mr. Yates!" she cried. "Won't you come in?"

"I've come ter see yer sister," he said gruffly.

"Why, Mary got a note from you saying you wanted to see her at your place," said Betty in astonishment.

"She did?" he gasped with a sudden start. "I didn't send it!"

Betty looked alarmed, and began to cry.

"Then what does it mean?" she sobbed.

A hard, savage light shot from his narrowed eyes, his fists were clenched, and he rushed to the door.

"It means danger fer her!" he panted. "It means fer me ter foller an' help her. It means fer me ter kill anybody what harms her!"

He rushed out like a madman, with murder in his heart, and began a search that ended in finding Mary in the arms of Riley in the woods.

"I thought it was you!" he almost screamed as he leaped toward the struggling pair. And Riley hurled the girl back, striking her a cruel, cowardly blow that almost drove Yates insane.

He pounced on his partner; there was a brief scuffle, then Yates' iron fist knocked the man sprawling.

From that moment everything went Yates' way. He gave the man a terrific beating, and would have killed him had not Mary laid her little hand on his arm restraining him.

In that moment of respite Riley crawled away, and Mary fainted.

Yates tenderly picked up her limp form and carried her to her hut. Then he summoned Doctor Short, who announced that Mary was seriously ill as a result of what she had gone through. He left medicine, and said he would come back the following night; and Yates watched over her till dawn. She had been delirious nearly all night, but had lucid intervals, and during one of them she heard Yates say:

"I'm goin' ter kill Riley fer this!"

"I beg of you not to injure him," she pleaded. "Forgive him as I have done. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord. Will you promise?"

He was reluctant about it, but finally promised, and went to the saloon.

A score of miners who had heard of Riley's act were then upon the point of lynching him when Yates interfered.

He told them about his promise to Mary, and as they respected her wishes in the matter, they released him.

"Now you git out of this camp!" Yates bellowed at him, as he pointed at the desert with one hand and gripped the butt of his revolver with the other. "Yer kin take yer horse, but there's a storm breakin'. Never come back here unless yer want ter git shot!"

The man saw that he meant it and hurriedly left. But, as they learned afterward, he lost his way in the storm, and fell to his death in a deep canyon.

"That's the best way to get rid of a scoundrel," said Doc Short to Yates as he stepped out of the crowd. "I am free now to go over to Mary's. Her illness will take a turn for the better or worse to-night. We call it the crisis. Will you come over?"

She heard Yates say: "I'm goin' ter kill Riley fer this!"

"No!" he answered in frightened tones. "Will she die?"

"I can't tell yet."

"Then how am I ter know? I ain't got courage enough to go in an' watch her, doc. It would break me all up."

"Well, you watch the hut. If she survives the crisis, I will place a light in the window."

The doctor hurried away, and Selfish Yates stood glaring after him,

enthralled in a terrible fascination. Then, by a mighty effort, he threw off the spell and rushed away to a place whence he could see the windows of the shack.

The storm beat down upon him, drenching him to the skin. Thunder rolled in the flying clouds like the booming of artillery, and every few moments vivid flashes of lightning tore across the murky vault of heaven, lighting up the mountains for miles.

He leaned against the rock where he had been before, his heart beating furiously, his eyes starting from his head. The strain upon his mind was terrific. All he could do was to keep murmuring

"God help her! God help her!"

The hours dragged by like an eternity, the heart of the drenched and humiliated going out toward the little sufferer in the hut with a powerful yearning.

He heard a distant clock strike twelve.

Then a light suddenly flashed up in her window.

His legs trembled beneath him, and he sank on the ground and sobbed as he had not done since he was a child.

"She will live!" kept ringing in his ears.

It inspired him to rise and push through the blinding storm to the little hut. His soul was cleansed—purified by love—and his whole nature was transformed as he quietly seated himself beside her and bent his gaze lovingly upon her.

The doctor softly led Betty out of the room.

Yates stooped over the sufferer and imprinted a kiss full upon her lips.

"I have come back a changed man!" he whispered.

"And you love me?" she asked softly.

"So much that I'm goin' away from here with yer an' ther child, an' we will fergit ther old life amid other surroundin's. God gave yer to me, an' God will bless our union."

He bowed his head contritely over her, and her soft white arms stole up and wound themselves around his neck in a tender clasp.

SHE IS ATHLETIC AND PYSCHIC

"WHY, Miss Pearson, how do you keep your figure so slender and beautiful?" the William Fox star was asked recently by a casual acquaintance.

"Well, until I began the making of my latest picture, 'The Firebrand,' I exercised regularly morning and night," replied the Rose of Dixieland; "but my work in this photoplay has given me so much exercise that I have been compelled to dispense with my morning and night gymnastics. Why, in four weeks I lost eight pounds. How? Fighting with a hundred men at once. You see, in this photoplay I seem to have the entire Russian revolution on my back at times. I know my back is broad and solid, but it takes some exertion to battle with one hundred men. At times I am wrestling around a room with the leader of the revolution, or with some of his men. I admit they have no easy time of it, because I can box and wrestle with the best of them.

"Naturally, you see, there is no time to take on flesh. I would recommend this play for any woman who wanted to keep in first-class physical trim."

Of course, all the hard work Miss Pearson did does not show on the screen. There were "takes" and "retakes," and "do it all over again."

But Miss Pearson is quite athletic. For years she exercised in her home for an hour every morning, and for at least fifteen minutes before retiring. In addition she played and worked out-of-doors whenever she could. She uses her automobile only when she cannot reach her destination by walking.

So that it would take much exertion to tire her. She admitted after the making of "The Firebrand" that she could not have continued the work much longer. It was so strenuous that toward the end it began to tell on her.

In her leisure moments Miss Pearson is writing a book of her life.

Early in May she declared she had finished twenty-five chapters, and was only just beginning to tell her story. She admits it will surely be some book.

Miss Pearson believes psychic powers guide her. She attributes the possession of these powers to one of her earliest recollections. She was about four years old and was sitting in her grandmother's lap outside their big home in Louisville. There was a spacious lawn around the house, and the property extended far away into many acres of land. As a child, Miss Pearson loved to play in the grass. This particular day, however, her grandmother kept Virginia in her arms, despite the child's desire to get on the ground. Suddenly Virginia espied what she believed to be a stick within five feet of her. She kicked her tiny feet, waved her arms, and cried petulantly:

"Stick. I want stick, gran'ma."

Grandma turned. Then she gathered Virginia tight in her arms and ran into the house. The stick that Virginia wanted was a large, deadly snake, getting ready to spring. The impression the incident made on her child mind has remained with her vividly ever since, and she believes has aided her in looking farther into the future than most people and has connected her with the unseen folks whom she believes flit through space and watch over and guide us.

In Miss Pearson's handsome apartments on Riverside Drive, New York, there is a room where she spends an hour every evening after her tiring work at the studio. This room is far, far from the maddening auto horn, and is fitted up in dark royal blue. The draperies are of velvet. The furniture consists of only an easy chair and a blue velvet couch. Aside from this there is only an antique vase—a vase that is said to be two thousand years old. No one is allowed in this room. It is for Miss Pearson and her meditation—for her thoughts alone.

A BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN

"THE demands of the screen upon an actress are much greater than the speaking stage," says Elsie Ferguson, who has already completed five pictures for Artcraft release and has just finished working upon the sixth, which is an adaptation from the Ibsen drama, "A Doll's House."

"The methods of production, which cannot be changed, are particularly trying in the portrayal of a character which effects a transition as the play proceeds," says Miss Ferguson. "All the scenes are taken at one time in a certain location or setting, and in this way scenes which appear in the completed picture in the very last reel are very often the first to be photographed. To properly portray the evolution of a character it is therefore very important to keep in mind the various degrees of tempo called for. Having mastered this, the battle is half won.

"When I made my first picture, 'Barbary Sheep,' it was all new and strange to me, and the method of recording the scenes was bewildering at first. 'The Rise of Jennie Cushing' proved an easier subject, as Jennie maintained a strong character throughout.

"In 'Rose of the World,' the next picture, where the rather cold girl is metamorphosed into a spirited character as the latent fires of her passion are fanned into flame, I had to exercise exceeding care to display the proper degree of temperament, and where scenes are taken at random, and in reversal of the order in which they are shown, it requires some study before each scene is rehearsed. I can well understand, now that I have been initiated in the intricacies of the art of production, why it was that actors, who had displayed real talent on the stage, over-acted or under-acted scenes in pictures. It was because they had not given enough attention to the study of the story, and had not analyzed each scene.

"To the artist, and even to the general public, such acting creates as much discord as if the photography of the film had been printed in varying lights, and did not present a harmonious blending of the action in logical and consistent sequence of action. There were many scenes in 'The Song of Songs' where the character of *Lily Kardos* changed decidedly, and in 'The Lie,' which I have finished, there are strong emotional scenes where *Elinor*, the part I played, is betrayed by her sister, Lucy. We took the sensational incidents first, and the girl whom I had bitterly upbraided was photographed with me a little later in incidents of sisterly love.

Elsie Ferguson.

"The play we are now working on, 'A Doll's House,' tells the story of a young woman, a veritable doll, whose early training has failed to equip her for the serious difficulties that are apt to arise in any family. She finally becomes a very strong character. The effectiveness of the play lies in the proper portrayal of this character, showing the various degrees by which she attained the high plane she finally reaches. The display of too much strength in the early stages of her life, or an indication of weakness in the last part of the story, would absolutely ruin the part.

"Working with a director like Maurice Tourneur is a tremendous help, for Mr. Tourneur never forgets a detail, and every scene is carefully handled as if it were an individual picture. He goes further and chooses the settings to harmonize with the character, which enhances the dramatic values as much as the proper costumes.

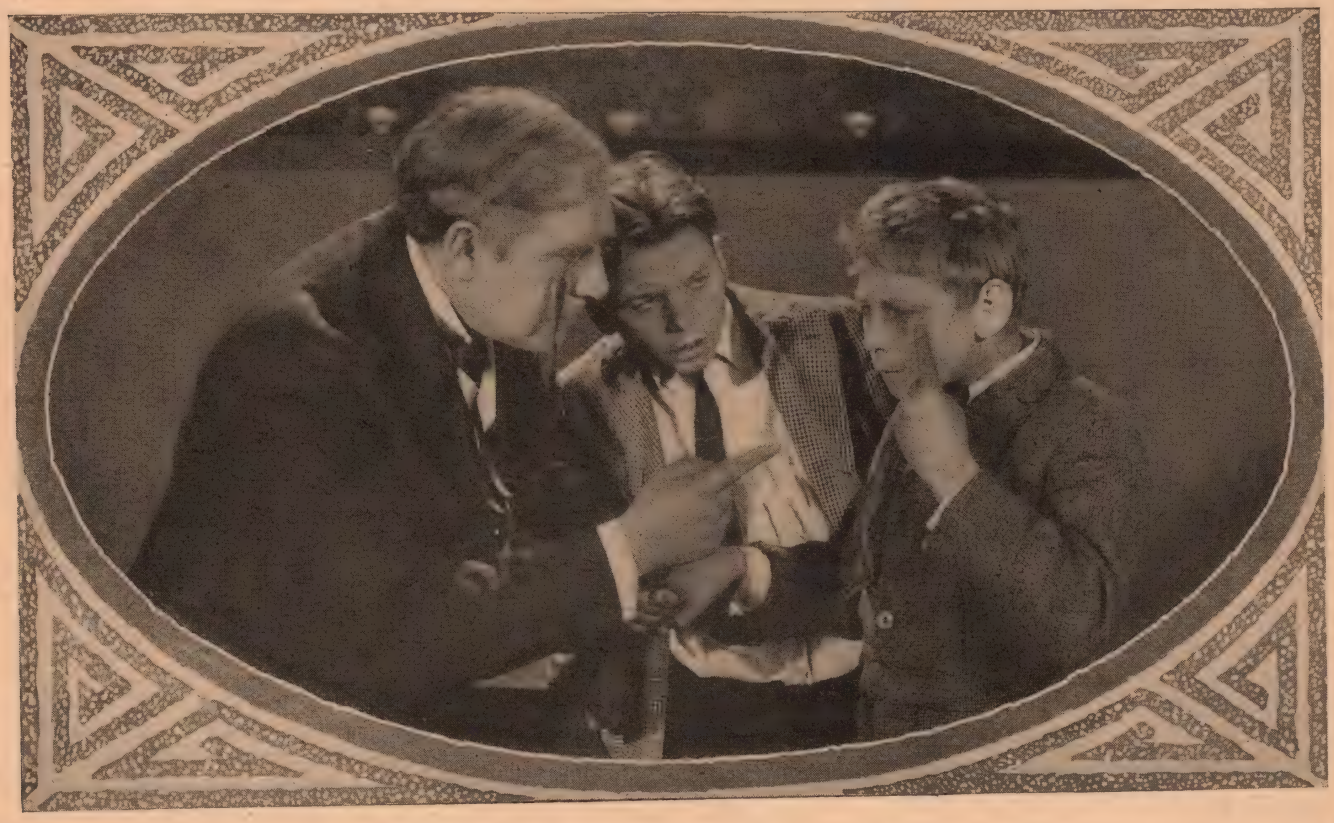
"I have always been a great believer in the fact that clothes indicate character, and the first thought that strikes me when I am to portray a new rôle is, 'How would such a woman dress?' Mr. Tourneur endorses these ideas, and we work in entire harmony, with the result that the acting, costumes and settings all add to the dramatic value of a picture."

Miss Ferguson's pictures to follow "A Doll's House" will be "The Danger Mark," by Robert Chambers, and a big Western story.

"The Danger Mark," under the direction of Hugh Ford, is finished, and after filling a number of governmental engagements, Miss Ferguson departed for Montana with Marshall Neilan, who will direct the next picture. Many of the scenes will be taken in Yellowstone Park and the picture is to be called "Heart of the Wilds."

SECRET OF THE JUVENILE STORY

RECENTLY there has been a significant development of the juvenile motive in photoplays, and at least one author has made a conspicuous success of such photoplays. It is stated upon the authority of General Film Company, who is releasing a series of short-length weekly releases written by Judge Willis Brown and acted by a clever cast of real boy players, that these photoplays are proving extremely popular, that they have struck not only the right entertainment note, but that they are also commercially popular. The reason for this, it is stated, lies in the fact that the Judge Brown stories appeal to young and old alike with a certain juvenile spirit that every one has felt.



Judge Brown has been induced to analyze the psychology of the acceptable juvenile photoplay in plain terms and he is an unquestioned authority. The background for his work was as an author of boy stories was obtained in many years of experience as a juvenile court judge in Salt Lake City, Chicago and other places, and in the organization of Boy City settlements throughout the country. He has been writing photoplays several years and is author of such already well-known feature scrips as "The Spirit of '17" with Jack Pickford, "The Saint's Adventure" with Henry Walthall, and "The Girl Who Won Out," with Violet McMillan. His current pictures are all two-reelers, such as "Bud's Recruit," "Chocolate of the Gang," "Marrying Off Dad," "The Preacher's Son," etc., and are being filmed at Boy City, near Los Angeles. Judge Brown says:

"It is unusual to find a written or pictured story of youth which does not present an adult version of plot, material, activity or act. This is of course explainable, for the majority of stories are written by adults. It is difficult to find adults who can forget all the experiences, the lessons learned, the viewpoints of life and judgment which have come since the age of twelve. Not every mature person can place himself in the mental state of inexperience and ignorance of mature things that is necessary in the writing of a juvenile story and such as will be found in a child of ten, fourteen or sixteen.

"As a student of boyhood, I have been accredited with some ability to forget what most people remember. In my judgment one wishing to express the viewpoint of a boy of fourteen must think as a boy of fourteen. In writing juvenile stories my whole plot is based upon the activity and viewpoint of boys with boys, and not of a man with boys.

One would be called very foolish to attach to the caterpillar the wings of a butterfly and then call the caterpillar a junior butterfly and expect it to perform or shape its conduct with that of a butterfly. It is true enough that the caterpillar will be a butterfly; but a caterpillar is not a junior

butterfly, nor is a butterfly a senior caterpillar. A boy will be a man some day, but until then he is a different, and not a junior, man.

"There are writers of boy stories whom I greatly admire and whose work is marvelously entertaining, but the expressions of the character which they portray are those of an adult, and in order to make it enjoyable and boyish, these adult traits are presented as done in a boyish manner. It is difficult to read one of these stories and then attempt to tell it. And in attempting to screen it, stripped as it must be of all verbiage and adroit adult conclusions, we have as a result a very meager plot and one which in a majority of instances does not get over.

"One very prominent manufacturer has featured children to a great extent in recent productions. We find love, intrigue and hoochie-koochie dancing and childish manner, the effect being all the more pronounced because it is so unreal to what would be the nature of the child. Children would never of their own accord do what some screen children do. Therefore, after the first natural effect of admiration of child actors, one becomes weary and the picture does not hold the attention.

"In my own stories if it is not clearly discernible that the plots and activities are perfectly normal and natural, and reminiscent of our own youthful days, then they have failed. It is not enough in the production of the Judge Brown stories of youth that the interpretation and scenes nearly get by, or are developed sufficiently to please. They must be different, and are different because they are true to life and interpret the thought, act and normal activity of youth, rather than the unpractised performance by juveniles of acts that rise from the imagination of adult minds.

"It is almost impossible for the average writer to return to the carefree life of a little child, and as a result we find plots that are developed from a mature mind prejudiced by those experiences of responsibility which have come with the gathering years and which so few are able to obliterate from thought and act. That is why writing for the screen so rarely yields a juvenile plot that is thoroughly normal and that will bear the stamp of youth in the action."

THE SCREEN, UNTIL THE END

"I BELIEVE there's always room for improvement," said pretty Belle Bennett, who is winning new honors in the featured part of "The Lonely Woman," a Triangle production. Which probably accounts for the fact that Miss Bennett continues to devote many of her leisure moments to conscientious study and pursuits that will tend to enhance the realism with which she interprets her diversified parts.

Meeting Miss Bennett for the first time, one is immediately impressed with her unusually energetic personality, and we can readily realize that hers is a type that would never be content to rest upon the laurels of past achievements. Despite the fact that she can account for but twenty-three years, Miss Bennett's career as an actress has been a long and successful one.

She played her first rôle when two months old, appearing in "The Fatal Wedding," at Dublin Bay, Ireland. They allowed Baby Bennett to "grow up" a bit, but as quickly as time would permit she was cast in the child parts of all the popular plays of that day.

And Belle Bennett has been upon the stage constantly ever since, with the exception of the period of her schooling at the Sacred Heart Convent in Minneapolis. While appearing as *Roxy*, in "The Girl of the Golden West," and *Peg* in "Peg o' My Heart," she distinguished herself as a delightful ingénue and incidentally attracted the attention of the film men. Realizing that she possessed unusual ability to express her art on the screen, her friends persuaded her to give up the speaking stage.

Belle Bennett.

It was not good fortune, but honest endeavor and inherent talent that enabled Belle Bennett to survive those many years in the eyes of the critics. As one of Triangle's leading women she has progressed with flying colors and has won many new admirers through her subtle and artful portrayal of the parts which have been entrusted to her. When working in a picture she truly lives her part, calling the characters by name and maintaining a natural interest in what they do and say.

While Miss Bennett is enthusiastic and loves her vocation, she is also exceedingly human and finds plenty of time to devote to her family and pets, in which she finds the comfort of an idealist. Her home shows many evidences of her good taste as a decorator and an artist.

Though she has already triumphed in a long career, Miss Bennett says she never intends to retire. It is her ambition to remain before the eyes of her screen friends throughout her advancing years and to grow old along with them. Her reward shall be the satisfaction that comes from realizing that many lives have been made a little brighter from her continued appearance upon the great stage.

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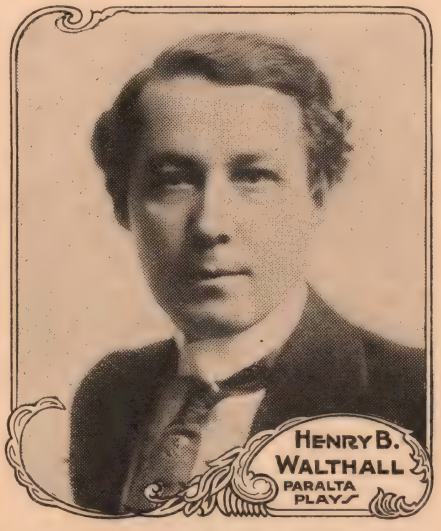
A MAN OF DESTINY

By J. HESSER WALRAVEN

THE fates decreed that Henry B. Walthall should become an actor. Born on a Southern plantation, his father had the patriarchal idea of inheritance and wanted him to become a farmer; his mother, on the other hand, was ambitious that her son should become a great lawyer and encouraged him in the study of Blackstone.

During the long Southern twilights after a day's work in the field, Henry B. Walthall would sit with his mother while she read Shakespeare to him. This was his first inspiration to become an actor. He became a student of Shakespeare and when alone, in the cotton fields, he was mentally transformed into a Shakespearian hero, reading his lines to an imagined audience in a great theater. He listened to his father's advice about farming and he studied law to please his mother, but, through it all, he was heeding the voice that was calling him.

The world has but little interest in the struggling youth, and so the early struggles of young Walthall, when he first came to New York, would be of little interest. Thrown into that crucible, into the city of broken promises, he fought his way until, when his funds were about exhausted and his spirit nearly broken, he at last secured an engagement with a small road company which played one-night stands through the small towns. This was his beginning as an artist in the amusement world—a beginning which was followed by successes and failures, victories and heartaches, until at last he became recognized and was engaged to appear in the support of Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." It was while playing in this company that Walthall met James Kirkwood, the well-known screen director. Kirkwood had been playing in pictures in the old Biograph Company which had its studios in Fourteenth street, New York City, and when the season was over he took Walthall down with him to visit the studio. Here he was introduced to David W. Griffith who was making a picture at the time and asked Walthall to do a small part in it, not because he was an actor especially, but because he was of the type that Griffith was looking for. When the picture was finished Griffith was so well pleased with his work that he offered him a place in his stock company, but Walthall was of the same opinion as many actors of that time and declined the offer because he thought appearing in pictures was beneath the dignity of an actor in the



articulate drama. The following season he rejoined Henry Miller's company and left for Europe. "The Great Divide," being strictly an American play, was not received with the same enthusiasm as it had enjoyed in this country, and after a brief engagement the company closed.

Upon his return to this country, through the persuasion of James Kirkwood, Walthall again visited the Biograph studio and accepted an offer to become a permanent member of David W. Griffith's company. The phenomenal success of Henry B. Walthall from that time is well known to every picture fan throughout the entire world.

Being a man of high intelligence, and endowed with a keen sense of dramatic values, success followed success, until at last he was looked upon as the foremost dramatic delineator of the screen. When "The Birth of a Nation" was in the making he was selected by Mr. Griffith to play the exacting rôle of the *Confederate Colonel*, a part which stood out in that great spectacle with such prominence that Mr. Walthall was referred to by many of the foremost critics as "The Mansfield of the Screen." "The Birth of a Nation" marked the beginning of a new era in the art of the photoplay, and since that time the public have been demanding greater, more pretentious photo-spectacles than were theretofore known.

Mr. Walthall has been approached by many managers from various angles in an effort to secure his services for other productions of exceptional magnitude, until at last he decided to become an independent producing manager at the head of his own organization. He is now the head of the Henry B. Walthall Pictures, Inc., making productions under the executive direction of Paralta Plays, Inc. The initial offering under this arrangement was "His Robe of Honor" which has been lauded in highest terms by all who have seen it. This production will be followed by others of equal merit which promise much to those people who are always on the alert for the really big things of the screen.

Stepping from the obscurity of a Southern plantation into the limelight of public favor, after fighting his way up until he now occupies the same exalted position in the world of the silent drama which is enjoyed by such actor-managers as Cyril Maude, Forbes Robertson, Sir John Hare, and E. E. Sothern in the articulate drama —that is the record of Henry B. Walthall.

Thus the cherished dreams of his youth have been fulfilled, and in their fulfillment the public finds a greater star at the head of his own independent producing company instead of a mediocre counselor-at-law, or an obscure planter on a Southern plantation.

WHERE MOVIE STARS TWINKLE

Miss Mary Miles Minter has been appointed California president of the Children's Patriotic League of America.

George Walsh, the star of William Fox's photoplay, "Brave and Bold," started his professional career at second base for the Brooklyn baseball team.

Betty Blythe, one of Vitagraph's newest and most beautiful favorites, has been made a leading woman, and will appear in Blue Ribbon Features opposite Harry Morey.

Miss Barbara Castleton, who has starred in a number of productions, makes her first appearance as a World star in the World-Picture, "Vengeance." She is co-starred with popular Montagu Love.

Miss Peggy Hyland, the William Fox star, never uses ice to cool her drinking water. "I simply couldn't get used to it," said this dainty little English lassie. "I can't understand how any one can freeze his or her interior."

Work has been started on another new Pathé serial, "The Wolf-Faced Man," to be produced by Diando. Included in the cast are George Larkin, Betty Compson, Horace Carpenter, True Boardman and Frederick Malatasa. The serial is being directed by Stuart Paton.

Charles Ray, youthful star of the Thomas H. Ince forces, made a personal appearance on the stage of Grauman's theater in Los Angeles and made a speech in behalf of the Third Liberty Loan. He directed his talk to the people with the moderate incomes, and told them that Uncle Sam appreciated their fifty- or hundred-dollar bond purchaser just as much as he did the larger subscriptions. "A dollar is a dollar to Uncle Sam, just as it is to you, and he ought to know, because he makes them," concluded Charlie.

A new Blue Ribbon Feature combination, composed of Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle, is announced by Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company.

Announcement comes from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that Marguerite Clark is working in the two leading rôles of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing both *Little Eva* and *Topsy*.

Gloria Hope, who has just finished a feature for the Clara Kimball Young Corporation, has started to work in D. W. Griffith's latest feature, which will be released by the Artcraft.

The Busch Gardens in Pasadena, Cal., known the country over for their natural beauty, have been used by Director Fred J. Balshofer for a number of exteriors in the Metro release, "Lend Me Your Name," starring Harold Lockwood.

A new face will be seen in Paramount pictures in the very near future when Ethel Clayton, well known to the lovers of moving pictures, will be starred in a series of emotional domestic stories under the direction of William DeMille.

Leonce Perret, the noted French producer, is the author and director of Metro's Screen Classics' picture "The Million Dollar Dollies," starring the fascinating Dolly Sisters. Mr. Perret is the man who wrote and directed "Lest We Forget," starring the international star and *Lusitania* survivor, Rita Jolivet.

A new ruling has been adopted by the city of Los Angeles, which provides that all children appearing before the motion picture cameras—which are thick as sawdust around Los Angeles' environs—must be accompanied by their mothers. In obeying this mandate, Frank Lloyd played host to thirty mothers in one of the scenes of "Riders of the Purple Sage."

Monroe Salisbury received many letters from film fans after his feature, "The Red, Red Heart," was shown, asking where he secured the necklace he wore in the rôle of an Indian. Salisbury wrote back that it had been given to him by Princess Neola, a full-blooded Indian, after his performance as *Alessandro* in "Ramona."

Irene Vanbrugh, the great English actress, makes her screen début in "Masks and Faces," a World Pictures release. She plays opposite Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Miss Vanbrugh has created innumerable rôles in famous contemporary plays, such as "Gay Lord Quex," "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Masqueraders," "Passers-by," "Twelve Pound Look," and a hundred others.

William D. Taylor and Jesse Lasky were viewing Taylor's latest feature, "How Could You, Jean?" with Mary Pickford in the leading rôle, when suddenly the operator stopped the film and said he couldn't run it any more. "Why not?" asked the surprised Mr. Lasky. "Because," replied the operator, "the studio's on fire." The fire did a great deal of damage to the Lasky plant, the loss being figured at close to $100,000.

Several Kentucky mountaineers saw a motion picture camera for the first time recently during the filming of "The Scarlet Drop," the Universal Special Attraction, the main scenes of which are laid in the backwoods of Kentucky. The mountaineers didn't like the motion picture camera any too well, one of them taking it for a machine gun and acting accordingly. Before the mountaineer had emptied the magazine of his rifle every member of "The Scarlet Drop" company had managed to adopt a large-sized tree as a life preserver. Fortunately nobody was shot, but it took a good deal of explaining before Director Ford was allowed to go ahead with his work.

GETTING STUDIO EXPERIENCE

By A Scenario Editor

MANY scenario writers have asked if studio experience is necessary, or essential, in order to successfully write photoplays, and the answer is, that, while not necessary, or absolutely essential, it is desirable.

Writers for the screen should early realize that photoplay technique is entirely different from that of the stage or novel. Many scenario writers do not make a sufficient study of their art—do not take the time or trouble to anaylze the nature of the moving picture and, in consequence, do not make the advance they desire and should make with conscientious thoroughness.

The stage play is as different from the photoplay as both are from the novel. The technique, the methods and the materials of each are radically divergent and, while all three might tell the same story—as they often aim to do—that story would be treated differently by each writer—dramatist, photoplaywright or novelist.

The genius, skill and imagination of each writer would in each instance exercise of course an individual influence on the story and the treatment vary according to the medium, but the story should be the same in each case.

No writer, however he may excel in one field, can hope to venture in another and expect success without making a special and thorough study of the technique of the new one. This has been the reason for the failure of writers—successful in other fields of writing—in the attempt to master the art of photoplay writing; they have not given it the study it requires and is entitled to, to-day, as one of the greatest forms of story-telling in existence.

While it is true that at some time in the past the general writer might have attained some measure of success in the three departments of story-telling, it is not so now, for, as far as the screen is considered, that requires that the writer should devote himself exclusively to it alone—to reach the top.

The dramatist who undertakes to write photoplays should approach the task with seriousness and endeavor to realize that there is more variety, detail and scope to the photoplay scenario than there is to the book of the play.

The novelist's difficulties are practically ended when he is seated in his comfortable chair at a commodious desk amid genial and pleasant surroundings with pad and pencil before him. He, too, in venturing into the photoplay field will do well to not slight the requirements, but master them.

Now, whoever the writer, whether dramatist, fiction, or free-lance photoplaywright, he may, besides studying the best photoplays on the screen, avail himself of the opportunity to study the "mechanics" (if we may use the word) of photoplay making at first hand, by obtaining entrance to the various studios as an "extra."

Any writer, man or woman, may obtain, by proper diligence and seeking, work in the moving picture studios as a "type" or as an "extra" almost any time by applying at the numerous agencies established everywhere that there are studios.

Studios are located in many sections, but mainly in California, at Los Angeles, in Chicago, New York, New Jersey, Boston, Jacksonville, and Miami, New Orleans, and other places, a list of which may be obtained from *The Moving Picture News*, in New York.

There are no schools or colleges at present for the proper teaching of photoplay technique; the ambitious writer must find a way to obtain the necessary "education" by establishing a "course" for himself.

An "extra" is paid from two to five dollars a day. If the work is obtained through an agency the pay varies from two to five dollars according to type and clothes required—and quality, which must be remembered. If one is engaged "direct" at the studio through the stage director, the pay is five dollars. This usually includes lunch. With the agencies, usually lunch and car fares. The agency of course receives a commission from the studio apart from what is paid the extra.

This is the one sure way of gaining "inside knowledge" which, to the alert, wide-awake and receptive seeker, is invaluable. Then there is the opportunity for advancement—one never knows when the chance may come for a part at a goodly figure—perhaps months of work and the added value of being in close touch with every phase of studio work.

There is so much to be learned in the studio that no book of technique, however excellent, can possibly impart it. Beside the novelty and pleasure of the work, even as an "extra," there is the opportunity for the keen writer to gather material for stories in mingling with other "extras,' and with all connected with the making of photoplays.

Aside from being on the ground and actually seeing how the cameraman does his work—how the director directs—there is all the varied "real taking" of "Long Shots," the "Close-ups," and all the "tricks of the trade" that is of the utmost value to the scenario writer.

What studio experience gives to a writer thus embarked is what is so much needed by many writers who otherwise "guess at long range."

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Miss Lee was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1893. She comes of an old and well-known family. She studied music for a number of years, and successfully sang a number of lyric soprano rôles with the Boston Opera Company. Three years ago she abandoned the opera for the concert field, making three nation-wide tours in as many years, winning laurels which would make many a prima donna envious. Her entry into the moving picture field was the natural evolution of her work on the opera and concert stage, plus her great native beauty.

She was selected for the part of Venus in Captain Edwin Bower Hesser's great photoplay spectacle, "The Triumph of Venus," and almost instantly scored a big hit with screen critics.

Captain Hesser has made a special study of Grecian history and for this reason was more than particular in the choosing of his cast. It was while attending a grand opera concert, in which Miss Lee starred, he saw the girl whom he believed would be the proper person to carry out the rôle of *Venus* as portrayed in his story. Captain Hesser sent for Miss Lee, and after several consultations she consented and became the star for the most spectacular and beautiful film he ever produced. Miss Lee not only has the form of the Venus de Milo, but a face of classic charm.

Although she is but twenty years of age this modern Venus has posed for many sculptors and prominent artists, who have appraised her as the perfect type of womanhood. Besides this, her acting is of a dramatic quality that has caused critics to label her "the rising star of screenland."

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A reduction averaging one pound daily is often reported by this system, while in obstinate cases the fat does not disintegrate so rapidly. A guarantee of $100 is offered that the use of oil of korein and observance of certain simple rules will reduce your weight ten to sixty pounds—just whatever is necessary to bring you down to a good figure. Make this a happy summer. Surprise and delight yourself and your friends!

MOUSTACHE To accelerate the growth of a Moustache use KOTALKO. A small box will be mailed for 25 cents; a large box, for $1.00. Postpaid in plain package. Cash or stamps. John Hart Brittain, 150 East 32d St., (BF-102), New York, N. Y.

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To the Wife of One Who Drinks

If this should reach the eyes of a wife, mother or friend of some good man who drinks liquor to excess and cannot overcome the self-ruining habit, let her write to Edward J. Woods, WR-102, Station F, New York, N. Y., for confidential information which is likely to bring great joy—a complete victory over the drink habit.

HOW FAT FOLKS MAY BECOME SLIM

BE MODERATE IN YOUR DIET, BREATHE DEEPLY. TRY OIL OF KOREIN

Fat persons, particularly those from ten to sixty pounds above normal weight, will be interested to learn that they may easily reduce their weight without starvation diet or tiresome exercise.

If you are overstout, you are daily drawing on your reserve strength and are constantly lowering your vitality by carrying this excess burden. Don't jeopardize your health or be a laughing stock any longer.

Spend as much time as you can in the open air, practice deep breathing and get from any good druggist a box of oil of korein capsules; take one after each meal and one before retiring at night. Also follow the simple directions that come with the box.

Surprising reports of weight reduction come in—even after just a few days' treatment. With proper reduction the flesh becomes firm, the skin smooth and the general health improved; in fact, work seems easier and a lighter, more buoyant feeling takes possession of the whole being. It is a fine sensation—that of looking and feeling young, supple, cheerful, active, alert and magnetic.

Oil of korein is absolutely harmless and is pleasant to take.

If you want to reduce ten to sixty pounds you should give this treatment a trial. You will probably find it is just what you need. Start on the road to longer life and happiness to-day.

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We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free,** so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

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If you have a double chin and flabbiness of the face, or if you are overstout in other parts of the body, get a small box of oil of korein at the druggist's; follow directions and receive information about beautifying figure and improving health, vivacity, etc., through a simple system for reducing weight ten to sixty pounds. Eat all you need, including sweets, if desired. Oil of korein is pleasant to take, helps the digestion and is perfectly harmless. Look and feel younger.

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If you are thin and have tried in vain thus far to become healthily robust, you may now rejoice at having found the secret. All you need do is to take Woods V Tabules; a small box is obtainable at the drug store, and heed the simple, pleasant, easily followed directions. If you do not increase your weight satisfactorily you shall have your money back. Could any offer be more honest or fairer?

These Woods V Tabules are safe and wholesome. They stimulate the functions in a flesh-increasing way and are decidedly invigorating. One lady reports an increase of 16 pounds with delightful improvement in appearance. A bookkeeper added 26 pounds in a few weeks and has maintained the same weight during past two years, thus showing permanency. Many other proofs. Guarantee in box. If you prefer to obtain Woods V Tabules direct from headquarters send $1 for a box to Edw. J. Woods, VB-102, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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This book contains information of vital interest to drinkers, their wives and others who have tried in vain to conquer the habit by persuasion, pledges or medicines. It is not a temperance lecture, but an easy-reading narrative, well illustrated. The author, Edward J. Woods, WS-102, Station F, New York City, will send it free, in plain wrapper, postpaid. The method is easy, safe, genuine, endorsed by physicians.

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Wonderful Victory Over *Baldness*

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS OINTMENT

Now has Prolific Hair and Will Give True Recipe Free; it is Scientifically Verified

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that as he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at the age of 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness.

Indians' Secret of Hair Growth

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he guaranteed would grow my hair. Although I had no faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a regular healthy growth and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was amazed and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Hair Grew Luxuriantly

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

It became my sudden determination to possess the recipe or secret if I could. Having used my most persuasive arguments which convinced the aged savant of my sincerity and that he had only fairness to expect from me, I succeeded in gaining the secret recipe by giving him a valuable rifle in exchange.

I Put the Secret Away

My regular business took all my time, however, and I was compelled to forego my plans to introduce the wonderful ko-tal-ko (which I call for short kotalko) and I put the secret aside for some years.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I am convinced, and am sure many scientists will agree, that the hair roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they are like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle.

The Secret Now Revealed

Recently I was induced, while on a business trip to London, to introduce kotalko, the Indian hair elixir. It met with an immediate demand and has since been introduced throughout England and France, where, despite the war, it is having a great sale. Its popularity comes chiefly from the voluntary endorsements of users. Many persons—men, women and children—are reporting new hair growth. Some cases were really more extraordinary than my own. For instance, a lady reported that kotalko grew a beautiful supply of blond hair (her natural shade) after her head had been completely bald since a fever nine years previously and she had worn a wig ever since.

A military officer had a bald spot which had been growing larger for some time. Within a few weeks it was completely covered.

I could mention numerous examples. Now, having made arrangements here, I intend to supply kotalko according to the genuine Indians' formula to whomsoever wishes to obtain it.

Recipe Given Free

The recipe I shall be pleased to mail, free. Address: John Hart Brittain, BE-102, Station F, New York, N. Y. When you have grown new hair please send me a letter giving the facts for my files.

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